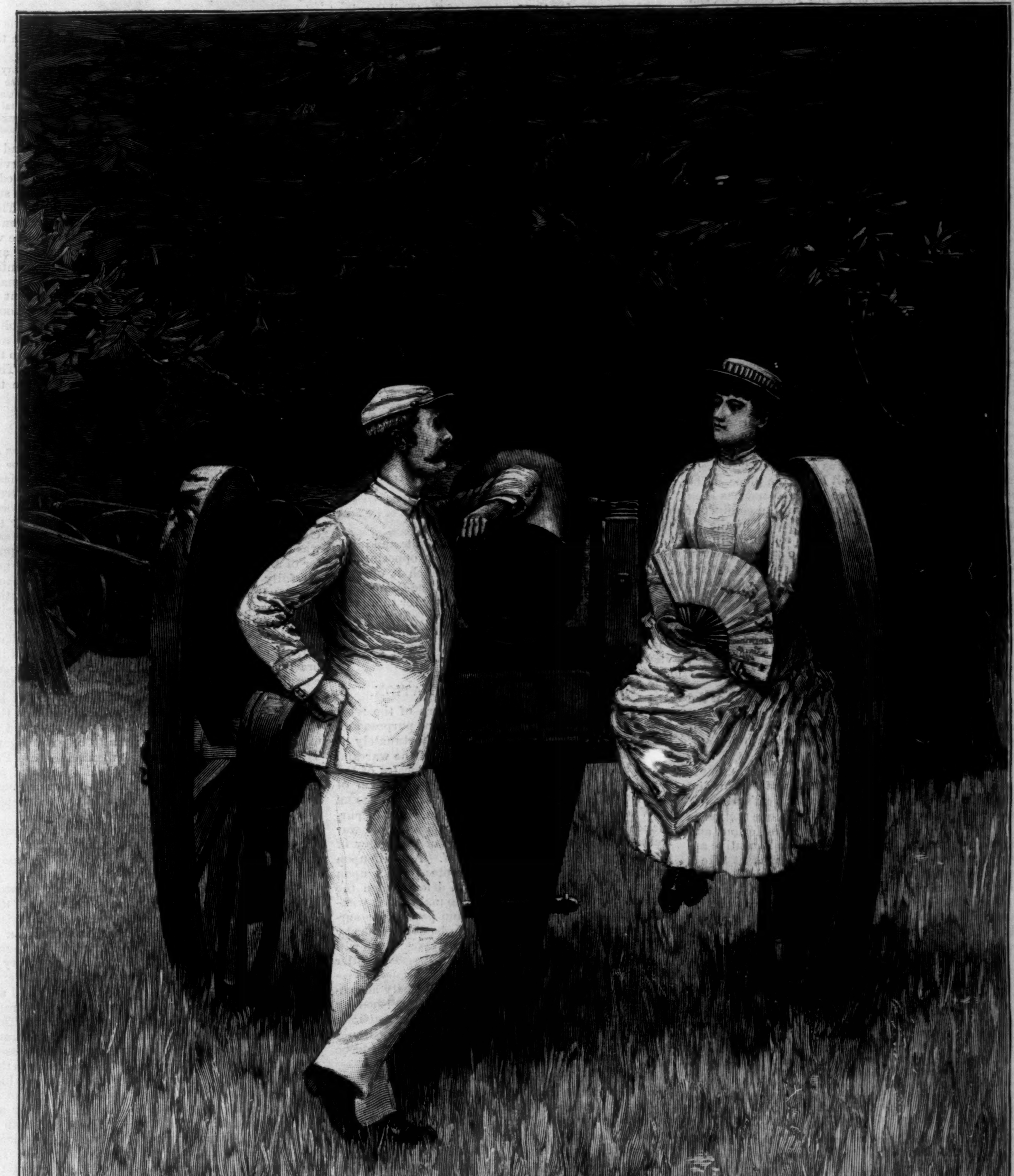
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXXI.—No. 1603.
Copyright, 1887, by Harper & Brothers.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1887.
TEN CENTS A COPY.
WITH A SUPPLEMENT.



MARS AND VENUS AT FORTRESS MONROE.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 647.]

"A model juvenile. A boy or girl can have no purer and brighter magazine."—*Independent, New York.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

In the number published September 6 appears the first instalment of a serial story for girls, in six parts, entitled

PICCO,

BY ANGELINA TEAL,

with an illustration by ALICE HIRSCHBERG.

The eighth instalment of "Derrick Sterling," by KIRK MUNROE, *and "The White Bird," an illustrated fairy tale by* HOWARD PYLE, *complete the fiction in this number.*

"Some Singular Animals of South America" is one of MISS SARAH COOPER'S *series of articles on animal life on the land and in the sea.*

"More about Rapids, and Something about Canoe Cookery," is an article by the Commodore of the New York Canoe Club, with two illustrations by W. A. ROGERS.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *will be sent on application.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1887.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

DEMOCRATIC MUGWUMPS.

BY far the most important of recent political events is the Democratic bolt in Maryland. Mr. COWAN, Mr. WALLIS, and other gentlemen have decided that to secure clean and honest government in the State they must reform the Democratic party "with a club," and they will support the Republican State nominations. This is a kind and degree of independence which are very seldom found among Democrats, and the action is very significant. Democratic discontent with the reform views of the President has been wide-spread, and some Democratic journals have denounced those views as threatening trouble in the party. But the trouble in Maryland has arisen, not from the President's adherence to those views, but to his apparent disregard of them. It is not because the patronage has not been used as spoils, but because it has been so used, that the bolt has taken place. The treatment of the civil service in Maryland has been one of the most inexplicable points in the conduct of the Administration. It is not explained by the remark that there is very little reform sentiment in the State. That fact does not justify the appointment of men who are notoriously unfit, and whose offences are matters of judicial record. The report of the special committee of the National Reform League, published in the early spring of this year, says:

> "In no State of the Union probably are politics more corrupt. Fraud and dishonesty are especially familiar at elections in Baltimore; but happily there is a most intelligent and resolute body of citizens of both parties in the State who persistently expose and courageously resist the evil-doers."

The extraordinary fact is that the whole force of the Administration has been apparently thrown against this effort at reform, and that the President has been inexplicably allied with Senator GORMAN in perpetuating serious political abuses.

The situation is not relieved by the assertion that it is a mere contest of Democratic factions in which one faction uses the Reform Association as a cat's-paw. If there be a factional fight in Maryland, one faction is identified with corruption, violence, and crime, and the other opposes them. Why has the Executive apparently upheld the first faction? If it must take a part, why has it taken part against the friends of reform? The advice of Senator GORMAN has evidently controlled the treatment of the civil service in Maryland. His reputation as a politician is notorious. He is a contemptuous enemy of reform, and the report from which we have quoted says, decisively:

> "It is of course absolutely impossible to reconcile with respect to sound principles of reform appointments made in deference to the advice or with regard to the interests of a conspicuous enemy of reform, whose unsolicited interference was an unseemly impertinence and a constitutional wrong—appointments sometimes made notwithstanding the uncontradicted evidence of notorious unfitness submitted to the Executive by trustworthy and disinterested citizens. It is equally impossible that the political situation in Maryland and the political reputation of Senator GORMAN should have been unknown to the Administration, or that, under the circumstances, the Senator's advice respecting appointments should have been supposed to be disinterested, or to be given chiefly with regard to the public welfare, or with any intention whatever of promoting reform in the civil service."

It is this extraordinary situation in Maryland which produces the declaration of the Republican Convention, whose action the bolting Democrats propose to support:

> "That the President of the United States, by his action in regard to the Federal appointments in this State, has given conclusive evidence that his professions of civil service reform are hollow and delusive, and his failure to call the Federal office-holders to account for their open and shameless disregard of his own declarations that they should not engage in efforts to control the political action of their own party is a confession of insincerity on his part, or a proof that his will is controlled by the stronger will of the senior Senator from Maryland."

The trouble for the national Executive and the Democratic party in Maryland proceeds, as we say, not from regard for reform, but from disregard of it. There are, as we have constantly taken pleasure in saying, many signal advantages gained for reform under this Administration, and it is unreasonable to suppose that complete reform can be achieved at once. That is true; but the remark has no pertinence whatever to the situation in Maryland. That public sentiment must be educated, that there is little understanding of reform in Maryland, that a great deal may have been done elsewhere, that the difficulties are enormous, and that Rome was not built in a day, are all sound and true observations. But not one of them nor all of them together furnish any excuse whatever for the appointment of HIGGINS, THOMAS, or RASIN, or for tolerating their conduct. If there were no other reason for the existence of the Civil Service Reform Association in Maryland, it would be amply justified by the service which it has rendered to good government and honest politics by its vigilant scrutiny of all public appointments in that State, and by its prompt exposure of those that were unfit to be made. Secretary BAYARD, whose administration of the State Department, as shown by a recent statement in the *Evening Post*, shows a sincere regard for sound principles of the public service, is reported recently to have said of a critic of the Administration: "He has taken up this subject as if there were no other requiring the attention of the responsible Executive of this country." If the critic has done so, he has taken a very narrow view of the subject. But nobody would agree more promptly than Secretary BAYARD that nothing can require more imperatively the attention of the responsible Executive than the character and fitness of those whom he selects for the public service, and it is precisely that kind of attention which appears to have been wanting in the Maryland appointments. The Republican party in that State has two very great advantages in the pending contest. It has made a declaration, which may be believed to be meant seriously, as follows:

> "That the Republican party of Maryland, adhering to the principles affirmed by its National Convention in respect to the rules governing appointments to office, declares that the reform in the civil service should be thorough, radical, and complete. To that end it demands the co-operation of the legislative with the executive department of the government, and that Congress shall so legislate that fitness, ascertained by proper practical competition, shall admit to public service; that the tenure of offices shall be made secure during good behavior, and that the power of removal for cause shall accompany the power of appointment; that the principles thus declared with reference to the national government shall be applied in their full force to the government of the State of Maryland and city of Baltimore."

This is not vague rhetoric; it is a definite and intelligible proposition. Then the party is opposing the actual corruption and outrage for which it offers a practical remedy. On the other hand, the Democratic party in Maryland has declared frankly for the spoils system, which produces the corruption. It would be lamentable if the President should be found to the end of the contest arrayed against his own declared views.

THE POLICY OF HIGH TAXATION.

THE President's order for the return of the rebel flags was issued with the most excellent purpose and in the most patriotic spirit, but unfortunately it stimulated the appeal to the passions of the war and to the soldier vote, upon which the advocates of the distribution of the surplus rely. Denunciation of "rebels," of which the speeches of Governor FORAKER at Wheeling are the latest illustration, is all in pursuance of a plan. It is meant to arouse the old war feeling, but it is all in the interest of the policy of retaining the high protective tariff. A tariff upon imports is a tax, but a merely protective tax upon imports is a very difficult one to defend when the revenue is redundant. In order to maintain it without exciting public indignation and protest, the surplus must be reduced, and this can be done either by spending the surplus or by repealing taxes which will leave those upon imports untouched. The latter course is more difficult than the former, because agreement upon details and methods is not easily accomplished. But if the surplus could be abolished by spending it in a way which would have a patriotic aspect, and which for that reason politicians would hesitate to oppose, the high protective tax would be safe.

This is therefore the policy of the high protectionists. The soldier feeling has been kindled in every way, and the soldier vote is to be massed by a promise to secure a general pension bill. The appeal will be made in the name of the country grateful to its heroic defenders. The object will be to maintain a high tariff tax. Every device is utilized to cover the President and his supporters with the odium of sympathy with the rebellion, of preference for rebels, and of hostility to Union veterans. The Grand Army of the Republic is being divided by this course into two political camps. This was shown plainly in the scene at Wheeling when Governor WILSON reminded Governor FORAKER that "the soldiers who went into the war were not all Republicans," and when some of the marching posts respected the portrait of the President, which others insulted. The Republican platforms fan the flame vigorously. The Iowa platform denounces the Administration as unworthy and unpatriotic

> "in its discrimination against and its shameless abuse of Union soldiers, and the constant preference it has shown to the men who fought to destroy the Union; in its despotic use of the executive power to veto bills passed by Congress for the relief of Union soldiers and the Des Moines River land settlers; in its attempts to reverse the verdict of the war by a surrender of the rebel battle flags," etc.

The Pennsylvania platform comes straight to the point:

> "The soldiers of the Union are worthy of the lasting gratitude and continued favor of a restored government, and the surplus of the Treasury cannot better be distributed than in the enlargement of the general pension list so as to include all honorably discharged soldiers of the Union army who may be in absolute need of public aid."

Meanwhile the National Committee on Pensions of the Grand Army has prepared a bill placing upon the pension list

> "all persons who served three months or more in the military or naval service of the United States during the late war of the rebellion, and who have been honorably discharged therefrom, and who are now or who may hereafter be suffering from mental or physical disability, not the result of their own vicious habits, which totally incapacitates them from the performance of manual labor."

The bill makes three months' service the ground of pension for disability, whether acquired in the service or not, and such a bill, together with the BLAIR educational bill, would undoubtedly dispose of the surplus, and leave the protective tax untouched. That the country desires or would sustain such a system of taxation is hardly possible. Both bills would be vetoed probably if introduced at the next session, and the question would then be carried to the Presidential election of 1888. So immense an expense would make the proposition necessarily one of the paramount issues in the canvass, and the Republican party would probably ask the support of the country upon a policy of enormous taxation for a general pension bill and for a general educational bill in order to maintain the public protection of certain private interests. That would not be an easy policy to defend before the American people.

THE PROHIBITIONISTS.

THE Prohibition Convention in New York was an assembly remarkable for its enthusiasm and for its resolute and intelligent purpose. The enthusiasm sprang from sincere faith, and was very different from the wholly artificial demonstration of the ordinary political Convention. The noise made by the Convention at Chicago when Mr. BLAINE'S name was mentioned, and which was continued for a quarter of an hour or more, was a factitious performance, carefully planned, without spontaneity and without effect. But the glow of the Prohibition Convention was fervent, and even religious, like that of the original Republican assemblies of '56 and '60 and the war. It was the evidence of profound conviction and the earnest of a purpose which, however unwise and impracticable it may seem, like the Labor movement, commands votes, and will greatly affect the election. The Prohibition vote has steadily increased. It has not fallen off with an "off year," and the fact that this is such a year will make the vote larger, and an estimate of 40,000 does not seem to be extravagant. Third party men, as they call themselves, are Prohibitionists. They are not high license men, nor local option men, nor any kind of temperance men, but Prohibitionists. But this is a fact which Republican leaders apparently cannot comprehend. In Massachusetts they have invited "our third party friends" to stay in the Republican camp. But why did not antislavery men stay in the old Whig camp? The answer is the answer of the Prohibitionists.

It is undoubtedly true that temperance legislation is largely due to the Republican party, and that Democratic success does not promise such legislation. But is that all which Prohibitionists can be supposed to consider? Is that all which the founders of the Republican party thought it necessary to consider in regard to the restriction of slavery? The gentlemen who sign the Massachusetts call ask the Prohibitionists to come to the primaries and transform the Republican party. But they do more. They virtually ask them to wait until they effect this transformation, assuring them that all which is at present possible is secured by the party. The reasoning is that for the sake of the other objects of the party in which they are interested the Prohibitionists ought to be willing to defer such legislation. But as they are more interested in restricting the liquor evil than in a tariff, or in distributing the surplus, or in sectional agitation, how can they be expected to wait? The friends of high protection and of keeping out the rebel brigade will not probably postpone the questions which they consider paramount, in order to secure legislation satisfactory to the Prohibitionists. Why should the Prohibitionists be asked always to defer their chief interest?

The reply would be undoubtedly that the minority in the party ought to yield to the majority until they can become the majority. But how would that reasoning have satisfied the Free-soilers and conscience

Whigs thirty years ago? How does it differ from the reasoning of the old Whigs with the antislavery brethren? Is it not as true now as then that a large body of men who hold to one question as of the highest importance, after trying in vain to induce their party to put it foremost, will withdraw from the party and form a new one? How otherwise would there ever be a change of parties? Parties arise from the conviction of certain men that a certain question or policy is of primary importance. The Whig party was unquestionably more antislavery than the Democratic party. But Whigs to whom the slavery issue was paramount could not postpone it constantly to what they held to be inferior questions. They stepped out. No man will act with the Prohibition party who is not persuaded that the temperance question is the chief issue. When he is so persuaded he will join the existing party which proposes to do the thing that he wishes to have done. He will not wait to convert another party which wishes to do something else, and that his action may benefit for a moment the party least friendly to temperance will not trouble him, as a similar result upon another question did not trouble the Liberty party men, and for reasons which are perfectly familiar to Republicans.

LETTING IN LIGHT.

The report of the committee of the State Board of Charities upon the abuses at the insane asylum at Ward's Island, the report upon the workhouse at Blackwell's Island, the report of the State Factory Inspectors, and the investigation of the Board of Immigration, all in New York, and the action of Governor Gordon, of Georgia, in regard to the direction of a camp of convicts in that State, although they reveal a sad system of abuses, yet show also the vigilance which ascertains and exposes and therefore remedies them. This is one of the happy results of that publicity which in many ways is now exceedingly disagreeable. But as light is found to be the most serviceable police and the best protection of property, light of another kind is the surest remedy for the worst evils. The report upon Ward's Island shows, among other things, that fifteen hundred insane persons are half starved, and that they are intrusted to the care of brutal keepers. The report is exceedingly temperate in its statements and moderate in its tone, but it helps to explain the deep-seated horror among the poor of "public charity." And when politics are mixed with such charity its horrors become more horrible. The report recommends a radical change in the management of the city institutions. It would divide the work of the Board of Charities and Correction into four departments, each with an individual head, one each for insane asylums, for childrens' institutions, for hospitals and almshouses, and for the workhouse, the city prisons, and the penitentiary. If the city refuses to provide such necessary administration, the State, which is the guardian of the insane poor, should intervene for them.

The ignorance among the children employed in factories is exposed by the report of the State Factory Inspectors. It states that a third of the parents examined in factory towns could not write, and the ignorance of the children is very great. In Georgia Governor Gordon has dismissed the overseer of one of the convict camps for barbarous abuses of the prisoners by flogging and other wrongs, and has directed his prosecution, and he has summoned the lessees of two penitentiary companies to show why their leases should not be annulled for similar reasons. The report of Dr. Westmoreland, a prison physician, has been suppressed by political influence for four years, but its painful and horrible story has now been made public, and the Georgia convict system will now be thoroughly revealed, and we trust reformed. The excellent suggestions of the Blackwell's Island report we mentioned last week. The investigation of the Immigration Commission has disclosed a system of outrages and abuses which are a shame to the community. They have been long suspected and intimated, but the recent case of the Norwegian girl aroused an attention which could not be satisfied by ordinary excuses or by silence. The immigrants have been cheated and wronged in various ways, of which there is detailed evidence, and the facts elicited show at least culpable negligence upon the part of the responsible authorities. In this case, as in all the others, the value of a stated thorough and public scrutiny of the management is demonstrated.

But because of the expense and of the suspected partisan spirit and purpose of investigating committees they are stigmatized as smelling committees by those who are interested in perpetuating abuses. It is, however, in the case of the poor and the sick and the prisoners and unfortunate dependents of every kind that the most constant and most intelligent care is indispensable to prevent a frightful increase of abuses, and a practical defeat of the very object of the care. The report of Mr. W. D. Foulke as chairman of a committee, a year or two since, to investigate the Indiana State Insane Hospital, was a striking disclosure of the corruption and outrage of the ordinary political management of such institutions. It led to the appointment of a legislative committee of investigation, and the charges were amply established. But the Indianapolis *Journal* now says that the employés of the hospital who testified against the management are now suffering the consequences in dismissal. The proper care of such public institutions is a very important public question. Such care is a test of public spirit and intelligence. The supervision should be wholly divorced from politics, and intrusted to the fittest available persons. That such persons can be found is proved by the State Board of Charities in this State. The Board is a favorite target of Governor Hill. But he is so essentially a politician that it is probably impossible for him to regard a public work or duty as not necessarily political, or to look at it in the true public light. The State could ill spare a service which is so well done by the Board of Charities, a service of which the reports upon the city islands are an illustration.

A NON SEQUITUR.

A correspondent in Maine sends us as "eminently suitable for one of the 'New South' Supplements of the Weekly" a letter from a colored man of Maine describing his ejection from a railroad car in Mississippi. We have not withheld our condemnation of such incidents. They are for every reason to be exposed and lamented. But they do not prove that there is no New South—in other words, that the disappearance of slavery is without results in the Southern States. The chief witnesses of the progress and of the prosperity of the New South are Mr. Sherman and Judge Kelley. They cannot, indeed, report that the prejudice against color has vanished. But it is not confined to those States.

It was only a year or two ago that the last traces of discrimination against colored citizens disappeared from the laws of Ohio. We doubt whether colored guests are found at Delmonico's, or at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, which is the usual Republican head-quarters in New York during a campaign. If our correspondent belongs to a club in Portland, we doubt if colored members are admitted. We do not remember seeing them in church congregations intermingled with their white brethren, but we do remember the black pew in the gallery; and we remember Charles Lenox Remond, an intelligent and educated colored man in Boston thirty years ago, who said that he would willingly be flayed alive if he could be made over with a white skin.

Here in the Northern States, in which slavery was always a slight incident, and where colored people are few, the prejudice against color is still very strong. In the Southern States, where slavery was universal and dominant, and only overthrown by the fiercest war, and where in some places after the war the colored vote, under reckless white leadership, seemed to threaten civilization, is it surprising that the prejudice is still very persistent? It is a great outrage that a man upon his travels should be forced into a separate and disagreeable car because he is colored. But let us be reasonable about it. The white citizens in the Southern States are not utter brutes and devils solely because they have more of the same prejudice that we have against color. It is a disgrace for all of us. But because it is very strong in Mississippi, for instance, it does not follow that there is not an increasing spirit which makes a New South.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

While Republican orators and journals are appealing to old sectional animosities springing from slavery, the soldiers of the Blue and the Gray are constantly meeting for friendly intercourse. One of the most striking of such reunions was that recently held at Bardstown, in Kentucky. It was the annual festival of the First Kentucky Confederate Infantry Brigade, known as the Orphan Brigade. The spirit of the ex-Confederate soldiers may be inferred from the following remarks of Judge Fulton in his address of welcome:

> "It is a rare occurrence in the history of human affairs for the followers of a lost cause to meet in annual reunion to celebrate the glories of their defeat, and sing the pæans, not of victory, but of failure, and to exhibit with pardonable pride the trophies of their disaster.... And so it is, soldiers of the Orphan Brigade, paradoxical as it may seem, while winning you have lost, while losing you have won. You have lost a divided country; you have won a united land. You have lost the institution of slavery; you have won a land with air too pure and free for a slave to breathe. You have lost the bonnie blue flag, dear to your heart as its own ruddy drops; you have won the star-spangled banner that indeed and in truth waves 'o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.' You have won the respect and admiration of the civilized world for a course sustained with such indomitable courage against the most overwhelming odds.... On the third day of July, 1863, amidst a lurid hell of smoke and flame, you or your compatriots lost Gettysburg, the high-water mark of your enterprise; on the third day of July, 1887, under a sky of cloudless splendor, with the onrolling wave of gray meeting the resisting line of blue in peace, amity, and brotherly love, you won Gettysburg."

At the dinner Captain Thomas Speed, a Boy in Blue, responded to the toast "Our guests the Federal soldiers," and in a frank speech he stated eloquently the position of Kentucky Union men, and hailed as the great result of the war the end of the curse of sectionalism. Such incidents and the feelings from which they spring are without precedent in history, and they are just reasons for the truest national pride. The spectacle of Governor Foraker denouncing rebels at Wheeling is not so patriotic and American and ennobling as that of Judge Fulton, mindful of the heroism of Southern soldiers, but rejoicing in Liberty and the Union.

THE GLENN BILL.

The general protest against the Glenn bill in Georgia seems to have arrested its passage by the Legislature, and a bill has been introduced providing for withholding the annual grant of $8000 by the State to the Atlanta University if white pupils are admitted to its instruction. This is a legal proceeding, of course, and it is a better plan than that of sending teachers of all schools, public and private, to the chain-gang if they instruct colored and white pupils together. But, as we said at first, why pass any laws upon the subject?

There is no more ferocious and unreasonable opponent of equality in American citizenship than the Montgomery (Alabama) *Dispatch*. Instead of seeking harmony and good understanding among fellow-citizens, it stimulates ill-feeling and hostility. But even assuming with the *Dispatch*, which claims to be very familiar with the Divine counsels, that "God made a distinction between the races, and He never intended that there should be an amalgamation between the whites and blacks"—assuming this natural antipathy, why not leave it to its own operation? If there be such an antipathy there need be no fear of the races trying to associate in schools and elsewhere, and the individual instances of such attempted association will be of no importance. If there be no such antipathy, a law prohibiting their coeducation is as stupid as one forbidding Baptists and Methodists to go to the same school.

We speak elsewhere of the prejudice against color, which is by no means confined to the Southern States, where the proportion of colored population is very much larger than in other parts of the country. For the very reason that it is so large, and that the prejudice is so strong, there is no object of more vital importance to the welfare of those States than the education of the colored population. In Louisiana, for the first time, a majority of the voters are unable to read and write. Instead of fostering in every way the prejudice against the colored citizens, which is the course of the *Dispatch*, every sensible person in Alabama and elsewhere will encourage every effort for their education and elevation. The substitute for the Glenn bill is less obnoxious to humanity and common-sense than that bill, but it is unworthy an intelligent American community.

PERSONAL.

Mr. K. Okakura, of Japan, who was sent to the United States and Europe by his government to report on the art and art industries of the East, returned to this country, where he passed part of last winter, a few weeks ago. He is now on his way to Japan. Mr. Okakura is a most remarkable man. He is a poet, an artist, a warrior, and a diplomate. Although never outside of his own country until last winter, he speaks and writes French and English fluently, and is well read in the literature of the two languages. He never heard music such as we are familiar with until he visited New York, and yet he showed the most intelligent appreciation of it. Miss Clara Louise Kellogg was the first prima donna he ever heard sing, and he was completely captivated by the music of her voice. He visited the opera, and preferred Wagner's music to that of the Italian school, and in art also he only admired the very best. Mr. Okakura spent the last days of his stay in the East at Marion, Massachusetts, the little fishing village on Buzzard's Bay that has won fame through Mrs. Cleveland's recent visit. There he wore his native costume whenever he appeared upon the streets or at receptions, and the towns-people would not believe that he was any less a dignitary than the Emperor of China, though one old lady did want to know if he was a sculptor who had come to finish Mr. St. Gaudens's bass-relief of Mrs. Cleveland.

—Mr. Charles Graham, whose recent tour of the New South, as the guest of Mr. John H. Inman, furnished the material for an interesting series of illustrations in that section of the country, is now about to turn his attention to the great West and Northwest. The field is rich in pictorial subjects, and our readers may look for a number of bright and stirring pages from his ready pencil. Mr. Graham is a Western man by birth, having been born in Rock Island, Illinois, some thirty-five years ago. In the earlier part of his career he was a scenic artist in Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, and later on he followed with the same marked success a similar line of work in the principal theatres in this city. Eleven years ago he joined the staff of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and has contributed largely to the periodicals published by them.

—Mr. Theodore Thomas has his country home at Fair Haven, Massachusetts. It is an old-fashioned house, with large grounds, commanding a view of the water. There he rusticates with his wife and children. His oldest son is at Harvard.

—Bret Harte has grown so gray that those who have not seen him since he left this country to accept the Glasgow consulate would hardly recognize him now. His hair, which is rather long and lies in masses on his forehead, is snow-white, while his mustache, which is very heavy, is still streaked with brown. His complexion is florid, but he is not at all stout, nor does he look like an old man yet. Mr. Harte makes his home in London in the family of the Belgian Minister.

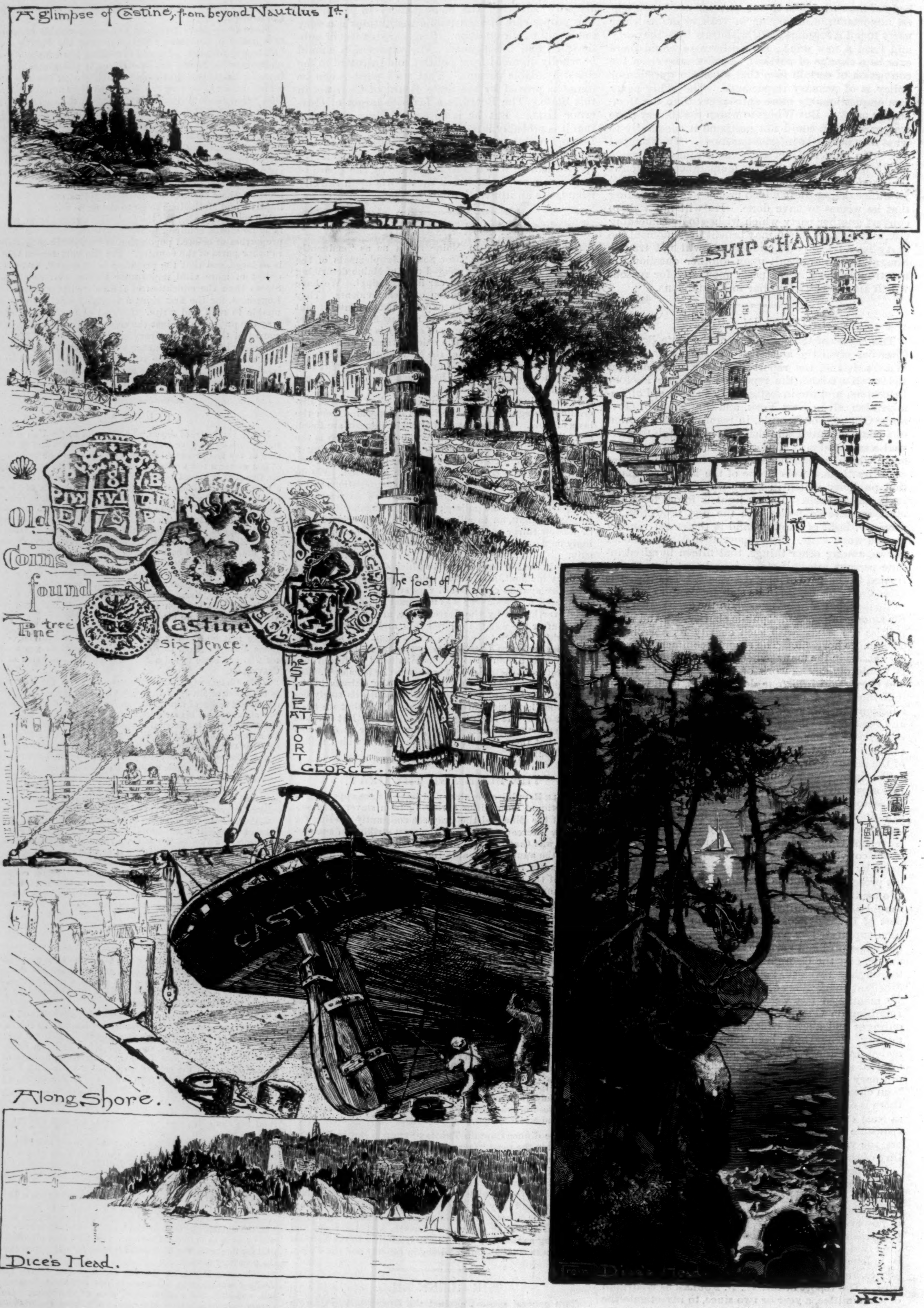
—Phil Armour, the millionaire meat-packer of Chicago, has given $400,000 for a mission which is said to be a model of its kind. It is established in Chicago, and there are one thousand children on its roll-call. There is a school, a kindergarten, and a dispensary connected with this mission, to which only the poorest and the neediest are admitted.

—E. Ellery Anderson, of New York city, a lawyer and Pacific Railroad Commissioner, is the grandson of Lorenzo Da Ponte, who wrote the libretto for Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, which was first performed in Prague in 1787, and whose ashes lie in an unmarked grave in the city of New York. An interesting account of Da Ponte, apropos of the celebration of the centennial of Mozart's great opera on October 29, from the pen of H. E. Krebiel, is published in a recent number of the New York *Tribune*.

—Richard Jefferies, the author of *The Game-keeper at Home*, *The Life of the Field*, *Wood Magic*, and other charming books of rural life and sport, died recently, leaving his wife and family in absolute want. In a touching letter published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Mr. J. W. North, the artist, alludes to the long struggle of his friend Jefferies with what he called the three giants of Disease, Despair, and Poverty. The *Pall Mall* has opened a "Richard Jefferies Fund," with the view of giving such assistance as may be possible to the widow and children.

—Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher is about to enter upon a journalistic career, having arranged with the manager of a newspaper syndicate to furnish a series of articles for simultaneous publication throughout this country and Canada. Mrs. Beecher's topics will be such as to interest women. It is said that although well paid for this work, she undertakes it more for occupation than for the pecuniary reward.

—Charles Williams, the war correspondent of the London *Daily Chronicle*, who has come to this country to lecture, is a tall, well-built, and well-preserved man of forty-nine. He has silvery gray hair, playful blue eyes, and a fresh sun-brown complexion, the result of his long years of service on the remote frontiers of Europe. Now that Burnaby is dead, and Archibald Forbes is married and retired, Williams is the first "special" among the English war correspondents.


A glimpse of Castine, from beyond Nautilus Id.
SHIP CHANDLERY
The foot of Main St.
Old Coins found at Castine
Pine tree sixpence
The Stile at Fort George
CASTINE
Along Shore..
Dice's Head.
From Dice's Head

AN OLD MAINE SEAPORT.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.—[See Page 647.]

MISER FAREBROTHER.*

BY B. L. FARJEON,

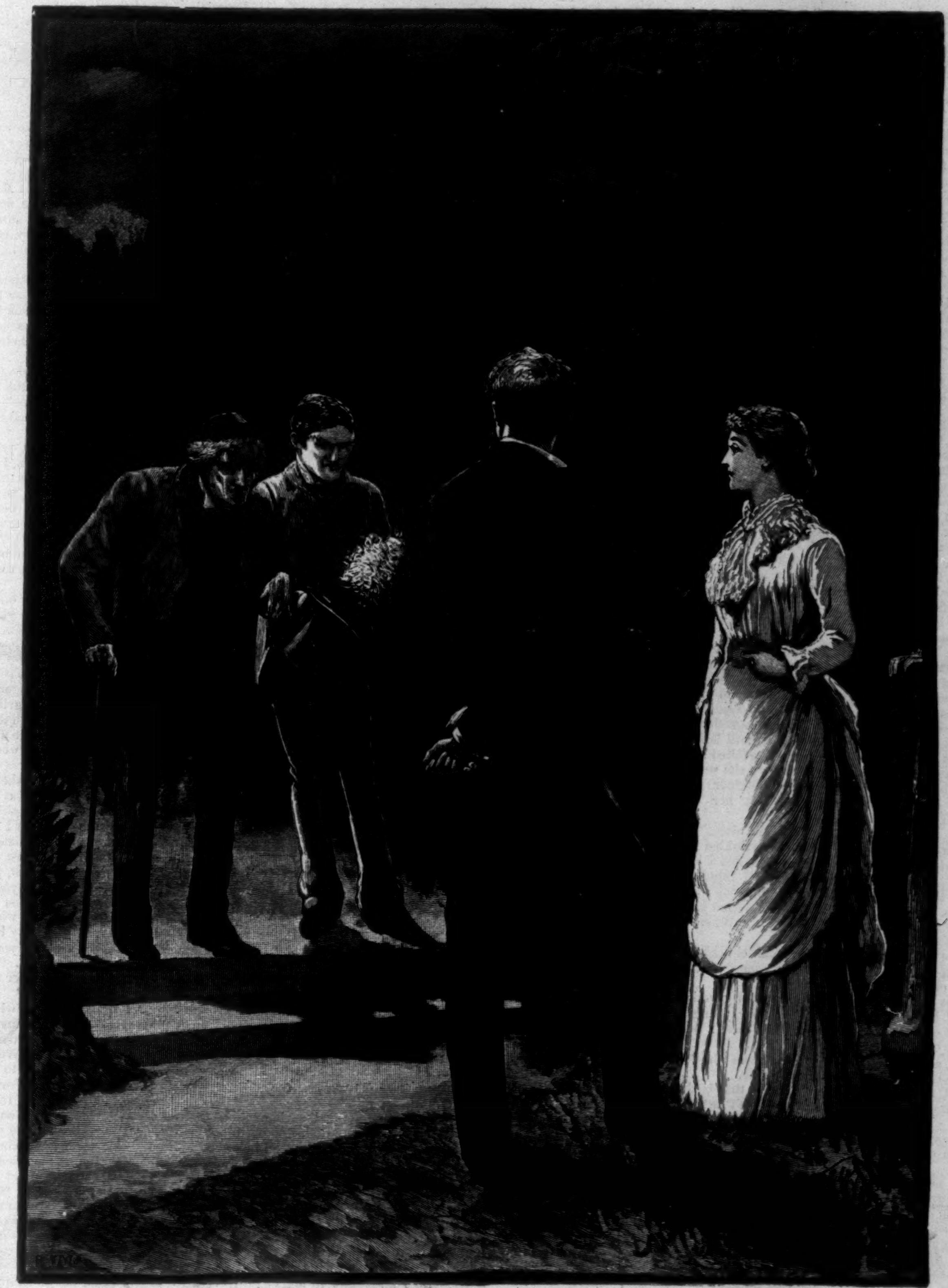
AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "JOSHUA MARVEL," "GOLDEN GRAIN," "BREAD-AND-CHEESE AND KISSES," "GRIF," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

ARCADES AMBO.

JEREMIAH entered Miser Farebrother's room, holding in his hand the bouquet of flowers he had brought for Phœbe. He had debated within himself whether he should allow the miser to see them or no, and he had decided in the affirmative. "Mother commenced it," he thought, "and I'll go on with it. Strike while the iron's hot, Jeremiah."

"You sent for me," said he, laying the bouquet on the table in full view of Miser Farebrother.



"UPON THE HAPPY MUSINGS OF THE LOVERS CAME A HARSH INTERRUPTION. THEY TURNED AND SAW MISER FAREBROTHER AND JEREMIAH."

"Are those the flowers the gentleman lawyer gave my daughter?" asked Miser Farebrother.

"No," replied Jeremiah; "I didn't know he brought her any. I bought these in Covent Garden to present to Miss Phœbe."

"You are growing extravagant," said the miser; "and you are becoming quite a gay young character: first escorting my daughter home from the village, and now presenting her with expensive flowers. It rains flowers in Parksides today. I was never guilty of such extravagance—never."

"This is the first time *I* have ever done such a thing," said Jeremiah, apologetically; "but seeing it was Miss Phœbe's birthday, I thought the money wouldn't be exactly thrown away. Look here—that lawyer chap; he's up to no good."

"You don't like lawyers?"

"No more than you do; though, mind you, if I was married and had a son, I'd bring him up as one. Then he'd know exactly how far to go, and I should get my legal business done for nothing."

"Oh! oh!" said Miser Farebrother, with a quiet chuckle. "If you were married and had a son! That's looking ahead, Jeremiah."

"It's a good plan; it keeps one prepared. You've no objection to my giving Miss Phœbe these flowers, I suppose?"

"Not the slightest, so long as you bought them with your own money. Only don't do too much of that sort of thing. When you spend money, spend it to advantage—in something that will last, or will make more money. Spending money in flowers is folly; in two days flowers and money are gone. You can look at them in gardens and shop windows, then you get all your pleasure for nothing. That's the wise plan. Costs nothing for looking, Jeremiah."

"You are quite right. I'll bear in mind what you say, and profit by it."

"That pleases me. What I like is obedience—blind obedience—and I will have it from those in my control. So—you're thinking of marriage, eh? A wife is an expensive toy."

"Not when you've got the right one! Likely as not it keeps a man out of mischief."

"So long as you've got the right one! Your mother said something to me; has she told you of it?"

Jeremiah considered a moment, and for once in his life was candid.

"Yes," he said, "she told me of it."

"Sit down, Jeremiah."

The astute young man obeyed in silence, and inwardly congratulated himself. "Things are going on swimmingly," he thought; "the fish is as good as in my net already." While Miser Farebrother, gazing on Jeremiah, thought, "I'll bind him tight; I'll bind him tight." Presently he spoke:

"You have been a long time in my service, and are acquainted with my business."

"I know all the ins and outs of it," said Jeremiah. "I've got it at my fingers' ends."

Miser Farebrother sighed. Humbly as Jeremiah's words were spoken, the miser felt that his managing clerk had him in his power. Well, the best plan was to put chains around him, and what chains so tight and binding as matrimony?

"If I came to grief, Jeremiah, you could set up in business for yourself?"

"Yes," said Jeremiah, boldly; "and make a fortune. But you come to grief! No, sir; not while I am with you."

"It is my misfortune," continued the miser, "and your good luck, that I am ill and weak, and unable to give the proper personal attention to my affairs."

"Why say 'misfortune,' sir? It may be your good luck as well as mine."

"But it is as I say," cried Miser Farebrother, testily.

"Very well, sir. Then what a shrewd man would do is to make the best of it." Jeremiah's cue was not to cross or vex his master; to assert himself up to a certain point, but to lead the miser to believe that in him, Jeremiah, a wily master had a suitable tool, who, for a prospective advantage, would devote himself hand and foot, body and soul, to his employer's interests.

"That is all that is left to me," groaned Miser Farebrother—"to make the best of it. Jeremiah Pamflett," he said, abruptly, "were I in your place and you in mine, how would you act?"

"Under precisely similar circumstances?"

"Yes, under precisely similar circumstances."

"I should seek an interview," said Jeremiah, keeping down his excitement, "with the young man who was managing my business in London for me, in whom I had every confidence, and say to him, 'You seem to have a liking for my daughter.'"

"Ah!" said Miser Farebrother. "Go on."

"'My object is,' I should say to this young man, 'that she shall marry a man who will serve me faithfully, to keep her out of the hands of scheming relatives, and to keep her especially out of the hands of scheming lawyers. You are the man I would select as her husband. Marry her, and continue to serve me faithfully, and then all our interests will be common interests, and I shall be safe from conspiracies, which have but one end in view: to rob me of my hard-earned money.' After that I should wait to hear what he had to say."

"Not yet, Jeremiah; not yet," said Miser Farebrother: "there is still something more to be said on my side. Supposing that the words you have put into my mouth have been spoken by me to you, I should not wind up there. I should continue thus: 'If I give you my consent to pay court to my daughter, who, when I am gone, will, if she behaves herself, inherit what little property I have, you must bind yourself to me for a term of years.' No, not for a term of years, but for as long as I am alive. There shall be an agreement drawn up, a binding agreement, which, if you break, will render you liable for a heavy penalty, which I shall exact. Your salary shall be so much a week, and no more; and you are not to ask me for more. You are to be, until my last hour, my servant, amenable to me, acting under my instructions, and you are not to put yourself in opposition to my wishes.' That, as far as I can at present see, is what I should say to you, Jeremiah; and now I await your answer."

"My answer is," said Jeremiah, "that I agree to everything. It is my interest to do so. You see, sir, I don't mince matters, and don't want to take any credit to myself that I am not entitled to."

"Continue in that vein," said Miser Farebother, "and all will be well. But don't think I am going to die yet awhile."

"I hope," cried Jeremiah, fervently, "that you will live for fifty years."

"I may believe that or not," said Miser Farebrother, dryly, "as I please. Make no mistakes with me, Jeremiah; I know what human nature is. You have my permission to pay court to my daughter."

"Oh, thank you, sir, thank you!" exclaimed Jeremiah, attempting to take the miser's hand.

"We want none of that nonsense," said Miser Farebrother, sardonically. "We have entered into a bargain, and that is enough. Now attend to me, and follow my instructions. What has passed between us is, for the present, to be kept a secret. There is to be no hurry, no violence. Pay attention to my daughter in a quiet way: endeavor to win her favor—"

"Her love, sir, her love," interrupted Jeremiah, enthusiastically.

"Her love, if you will; but that is between you and her. I do not propose that there shall be an immediate break between her and her relatives, the Lethbridges. Things must be allowed to go on as usual in that quarter. I have my own reasons for biding my time. When I tell you to speak openly to my daughter, you will speak openly, and not till then. You agree to this?"

"Yes, sir, yes; I agree."

"Should she offer any obstacle, I will throw upon your side the weight of my authority, and she will not dare to disobey me. Meanwhile keep a watch upon the Lethbridges and their lawyer-friend, who has come here to-day uninvited. He may have some design against me; he may know something which it is necessary I should learn before I put my foot down. And further, friend Jeremiah, you are not to presume because I have given you this great chance. Everything between us is to remain as it is. I am my own master and yours, and I submit to no dictation."

On the gray, sly face of Jeremiah Pamflett no expression was visible which could be construed into rebellion at these imperious words, but in his mind reigned the thought: "My master, are you? I will make you pipe to another tune before you are many months older. Let me but get hold of Phœbe, and I will grind you as you are grinding me!" Master and man were well matched.

CHAPTER XXII.

MISER FAREBROTHER WELCOMES PHŒBE'S FRIENDS.

LIFE is sweet and beautiful to a young and innocent girl when to her heart is conveyed the assurance that she is beloved. Then is the world in its spring-time, and all outward evidence is in harmony with the tremulous joy which stirs her being. What sorrow lies in the past fades utterly away in the light of her new-born happiness. She lives in the present, which is imbued with a solemn and sacred tenderness. Strangely beautiful are the time and scene: she loves, and is beloved.

---

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1593.

To a pure and trustful heart no direct words are needed for such an assurance; and between Fred Cornwall and Phœbe no direct words were spoken as they walked together in a retired part of the grounds of Parksides. How they had wandered there, and how they had come to be alone, they did not know, and they did not stop to inquire. All that they felt was the sweetness and the beauty of the hour. He spoke of many things: of his tour, and the adventures he had met with; of the occasions upon which some small incident brought her to his mind, of his delight when he found himself back in London—"to be near you," he would have said, but hardly dared yet to be so outspoken; of the resolution he had formed to "get along" in spite of all the difficulties in his path.

"No easy matter," he said: "the ranks are so crowded; but when a man is determined, and has a dear object to spur him on, he has already half gained success."

She did not ask him what the dear object was; it was for him to speak and for her to listen; and, indeed, he would have spoken more directly had he felt himself in a position to marry. But there was the home to make, and the clear prospect of being able to maintain it. He must be able to go to her father and say, "I am in such and such a position, and I love your daughter." Deeply in love as he was with the sweet girl walking by his side, there was a practical side to his character which augured well for his future. He was a proud and honorable young fellow, and he shrank from presenting himself to Miser Farebrother as a beggar. No; he must first win his spurs; must show the kind of stuff he was made of, and that he was worthy of the treasure he aspired to win. He had heard that Miser Farebrother was very rich and very grasping, and he was aware that in dealing with such a man he was treading on delicate ground. He did not dare to risk a refusal. To trade upon the prospect of living upon the money Miser Farebrother might give his daughter was, in Fred Cornwall's view, a base proceeding, and he could not lend himself to it. "I wish the old gentleman was poor," he thought; "then I would speak at once. But a few months will soon pass."

Meanwhile, this quiet hour with Phœbe assured him that he had won her love, and that she would wait for him. He may be forgiven for being a little sentimental; it is an old fashion, as old as hearts; and that their hands should meet, and that the girl's pulses should thrill at the touch of his, is natural and good when young people commune in innocence and honor. The silence that fell upon them now and then was sweeter, perhaps, than the words that were spoken.

Fanny championed and guarded them, and kept intruders off. The principal would-be offender was Bob, and it needed all his sister's cleverness to keep him by her side. It is to be feared, however, that if he had had any suspicion of what was going on, he would have made a bold dash for it; but a very unsuspicious mortal was Bob, and the last thought in his mind was that any young gentleman would come wooing his pretty cousin. Fanny was completely in her element, fencing and parrying questions asked by her father and brother, saying: "Oh! she will be here presently. Do you think she has no one to attend to but us?" Aunt Leth was discreetly silent; she remembered the time when she herself was young, and her dear husband came courting her. Once Mrs. Pamflett came up, and asked, "Where is Miss Farebrother?"

Fanny promptly answered her: "Dear me! She was here but a moment ago! I think she must have gone in that direction." (Pointing in front of her, while Phœbe was in the rear.)

"And Mr. Cornwall," said Mrs. Pamflett, very quietly, "has he also gone in that direction?"

"Oh no!" said Fanny, unblushingly; "he has gone to have a smoke. Men are the selfishest creatures, are they not, Mrs. Pamflett?"

Mrs. Pamflett sighed a gentle endorsement of the declaration, and meekly went the way indicated by Fanny. She turned off, however, when she could no longer be seen by the Lethbridges, and by a devious path successfully tracked Phœbe and Fred Cornwall, whom, from a distance, she watched with lynx eyes, noting the manner of their association—Phœbe's head modestly bent down, and Fred gazing upon her with looks of love.

Fanny, meanwhile, talking away vivaciously, suddenly stopped in the middle of a sentence, and cried, "Oh!"

"Has a pin run into you?" asked Bob; but he too gasped as he saw Miser Farebrother, leaning upon Jeremiah's arm, standing in front. Aunt Leth was the first to speak to him.

"How do you do, Mr. Farebrother?" she said, holding out her hand.

"Weak and ill, as you see," said Miser Farebrother, shaking hands with his sister-in-law; "a martyr to rheumatism and other pains. I'm growing old, sister-in-law; I am growing old. Don't you see the change in me?"

"We are all growing old," said Mrs. Lethbridge, with a sympathizing smile.

"But some can bear it better than others," groaned Miser Farebrother. "Now you are strong, and can walk without support. Look at me: even with my crutch-stick I cannot walk without human support. Don't go, Jeremiah; I shall fall to the ground if you leave me. You know my sister-in-law?"

"Yes," said Jeremiah, with a careless nod at Aunt Leth; "we had tea together—a delightful tea."

He had been searching with his eyes for Phœbe, and not seeing her or Fred Cornwall, had made a movement to leave his master.

"We have to thank you," said Aunt Leth to Miser Farebrother, "for a very pleasant evening."

"Don't speak of it. We ought to see more of each other; you ought to have been here oftener. One's flesh and blood—we are almost that, are we not, sister-in-law?—should not desert one as you have deserted me."

"Indeed! indeed!" stammered Aunt Leth, somewhat confounded by this reproach.

"Never mind, never mind," said Miser Farebrother, with a gentle air of resignation. "We must say nothing but kind things to one another. If you have deserted me, you have not deserted my dear child, who is always full of praises of you."

"We love her," said Aunt Leth, "as well as we love our own."

"It is very good of you. Is that your husband? My eyesight is shockingly weak. I'm breaking fast, I'm afraid."

Mr. Lethbridge came forward, and Miser Farebrother seized his hand and gave it a cordial grasp. The kind-hearted man could find nothing better to say than,

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Farebrother."

"Not so glad to see me as I am to see you. It is quite like old times—quite like old times. How is the world using you? But I need not ask; I can see for myself. I am very pleased—very—very. You deserve it. I wish the world used me as well; but we can't all be so fortunate. When I was a young man, I used to hope that when I was as old as I am now I should be able to keep a carriage. Young hopes, brother-in-law—eh? Seldom realized, are they? I can hardly afford to keep a—a wheelbarrow—eh, Jeremiah?"

"Yes, sir," said Jeremiah, obsequiously.

"We can't have all we wish," pursued Miser Farebrother; and Jeremiah, although he was impatient to go in search of Phœbe, whom he now looked upon as his property, could not help taking interest and pleasure in his master's gentle and philosophic departure, which he, better than any one of the other listeners, could appreciate at its true value. "In a hundred years to come, a carriage and a wheelbarrow will be all the same to us. Still, I am glad to hear of your good fortune." (Mr. Lethbridge stared, and wondered whether he was awake or asleep, or whether he had said anything of which he was unconscious.) "How well and hale you look! Not a day older—not a day. You must tell me the secret; though I fear it is too late for me. And this young gentleman"—turning to Bob, who became suddenly very hot and uncomfortable—"your son, eh?—your bright boy?"

"Yes," said Mr. Lethbridge; "our son Robert."

"How do you do, nephew?" said Miser Farebrother, giving Bob two fingers, which, when Bob got them, he did not know what to do with. "And how is the world using *you?*"

"Extremely well, sir, thank you," Bob blurted out, without in the least knowing what he was saying; for, instead of the world using him extremely well, it was not using him at all.

"How pleasant to hear!" exclaimed Miser Farebrother. "I feel like rubbing my hands, but one has my crutch-stick in it and the other is leaning on Jeremiah. You come of a lucky stock; go on and prosper, nephew. And this—" He turned to Fanny, who, in a feverish state, was awaiting recognition. She was so confused that it was not until hours afterward that her indignation was excited at being referred to as "this"—as though she were a chattel.

"Our daughter Fanny," said Aunt Leth, observing that her husband was incapable of speech.

"Kiss me, niece," said Miser Farebrother. He raised his wrinkled face, and Fanny put her lips to it. He called a joyous look into his eyes, and in a kind of rapture murmured: "The kiss of beauty! But don't be too lavish of them, niece." He peered around as though he suddenly missed somebody. "Where is your young gentleman, niece?"

Jeremiah chuckled quietly.

"*My* young gentleman!" cried Fanny, flushing up.

Her mother gave her a warning look.

"Yes, your young gentleman. There is one here, isn't there? or did Phœbe make a mistake?"

"You mean Mr. Cornwall," said Aunt Leth, in a gentle tone.

"I think that is the name Phœbe mentioned. A lawyer, isn't he?"

"Yes," replied Fanny, before her mother could speak, "and a very clever one."

"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed Miser Farebrother. "That is as it should be. I am sure he is a very clever one; I hope we are not wrong in our opinion of him—for your sake, niece, for your sake. Sister-in-law, brother-in-law, I congratulate you. Niece, kiss me again."

Fanny held back, but her mother murmured, "Fanny!" and the girl kissed the miser's wrinkled face again, upon which he smacked his lips and cast up his eyes languishingly.

"And now," he said, "I must really go and find my dear Phœbe and the very clever lawyer. *We* must go; mustn't we, Jeremiah? See, sister-in-law, Jeremiah brought some flowers for my dear child, and happening to forget them when she left the table, she sent him back for them. I am ashamed of myself for having detained him. Do you know where Phœbe is?—this way—or that? That way? Thank you; I shall easily find her. Remember what I said to you—we must really see more of each other; you must come here oftener. And you, brother-in-law, and you, niece. And hark you, nephew: when I asked you how the world was using you, you answered, 'Extremely well, sir.' You did, did you not?"

"Yes, sir," said Bob, not knowing what was coming.

"You were wrong, and you are wrong again. Sister-in-law too: you called me 'Mr. Farebrother?'"

"Yes," said Aunt Leth, faintly.

"But why? why? Why 'sir' and why 'Mr.'? Everybody else calls me Miser Farebrother. I like it; it tickles me. Pray call me that for the future, like good-natured souls, as you are. Come, Jeremiah, come. Phœbe will be impatient for your flowers."

He hobbled away, clinging to Jeremiah's arm, and presently said,

"Well, Jeremiah?"

"Thank you," said Jeremiah.

"Keep faith with me," said Miser Farebrother, fiercely, taking his hand from Jeremiah's arm, and standing erect, "and I'll keep faith with you. Trick me, deceive me, rob me, and I'll make England too hot to hold you!"

"Why do you speak to me like that?" asked Jeremiah, in an injured tone.

"Because I know the world," retorted the miser; "because I know human nature. Did I show it to them just now, or did I not? Did I compel them to be honey to my face, while they hated me in their hearts? Play tricks with me, and I'll serve you worse!"

"We have made a bargain," said Jeremiah, submissively, "and I will keep to it, and be grateful to you all my life."

"That is what I want," said Miser Farebrother. "While I am alive I am master. When I am gone, you will have your turn."

After that they walked on in silence; but Jeremiah's thoughts, fashioned into words, may be thus construed: "When you are gone! You think I will wait till then, do you? You old fool! you're not in it with me!"

For a few moments after Miser Farebrother left the Lethbridges they gazed at each other in silence. Then said Fanny:

"Would you like to know what I think of Uncle—no—Miser Farebrother? Well, I think he's a brute!"

"Hush, hush, Fanny!" said Mrs. Lethbridge. "For Phœbe's sake!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

A SACRED PROMISE—WON BY GUILE.

UPON the happy musings of the lovers came a harsh interruption. They turned and saw Miser Farebrother and Jeremiah.

"I have been looking for you, Phœbe," said the miser; "and so has Jeremiah."

"Your flowers, miss," said Jeremiah, offering them.

With her father's eye upon her, she could not choose but take them.

"You sent me back for them, you know," said Jeremiah. "I should have brought them before, but for—"

"But for my calling to him," interrupted Miser Farebrother, "upon a matter of business. I am pleased that your friends have enjoyed themselves. You have had a pleasant birthday, Phœbe?"

"Very pleasant, father; I shall never forget it. Father, this is Mr Cornwall, who brought me the presents I showed you."

"I trust you will excuse me," said Fred, gazing with interest at Phœbe's father, "for intruding myself. But Miss Farebrother and I have met so often at Mrs. Lethbridge's house that I thought I might venture."

"All my daughter's friends," said Miser Farebrother, in his blandest tone, "are welcome here. A very charming family, the Lethbridges."

"Indeed they are," said Fred, warmly.

"We have met but seldom," said Miser Farebrother, "and I was just expressing my regret that we did not see each other oftener."

"Oh, father!" said Phœbe, in a grateful voice, gliding to his side. There was no discordant note in his speech; he looked kindly upon her; and he had met Fred Cornwall in a spirit of friendliness. Her cup of happiness was full to overflowing.

"Perhaps Mr. Cornwall will give me his address," said Miser Farebrother. "I may ask him to decide some knotty point of law for me."

Fred Cornwall drew forth his card-case with alacrity, and handed a card to the miser.

"You will excuse me now," said Miser Farebrother; "I am by no means well, and I must go in-doors and rest. Remain with your friends, Phœbe; Jeremiah will assist me to my room. Come in and wish me good-night, Phœbe, before you retire."

"Yes, father, I will."

He smiled amiably, and saying, "Good-evening, Mr. Cornwall," departed, clinging to Jeremiah's arm. Jeremiah was not at all in a good humor; he would have preferred to be left behind with Phœbe, and he said as much to his master.

"Be wise, be wise, Jeremiah," said Miser Farebrother, in response to this complaint. "You are but a novice with these people. Take a lesson from me, and learn to wait with patience. Before a good general strikes a blow, he lays his plans, and satisfies himself that everything is in order. Do I know how to act, eh? Have I already entangled and confused them, or have I not? I shall be a subject of discussion among them. 'He was flinging stones at us all the time he was speaking,' the Lethbridges will say. 'He said the most sarcastic things.' Who will defend me? The sharp lawyer, Mr. Cornwall, and, better than all, my daughter Phœbe. 'You are mistaken,' she will say; 'I am sure you are mistaken. He has been kindness itself; you do not understand him.' Then she will appeal to Mr. Cornwall, and ask him whether I did not speak in the most beautiful way of her aunt and uncle, and he will be able to make but one answer. That will silence them; they won't have a word to say for themselves. Ha, ha! I am really enjoying the game."

He kept Jeremiah with him until the Lethbridges and Fred Cornwall were gone, and then sent him back to London, bidding him not to take the same train as Phœbe's relatives.

It was between ten and eleven o'clock when Phœbe received a message from her father, through Mrs. Pamflett, bidding her come to him and wish him good-night. Phœbe had been sitting at the open window of her bedroom, musing upon the happy day fast drawing to an end. A tender light bathed the grounds of Parksides, and seemed to the happy girl to be an omen of the future—a future of love and peace. The soft breeze kissed her, and whispered to her of love; the silence of nature was eloquent with the immortal song; a tremulous joy possessed her soul. "He loves me! he loves me! he loves me!" This was the song sang by her heart, bringing light to her eyes, blushes to her cheeks, and causing her, from a very excess of joy, to hide her face in her hands. "How sweet, how beautiful is the world!" she said inly to herself. "How good everybody is to me!" She rose from these musings to attend her father. Mrs. Pamflett accompanied her to the door of his apartment.

"Good-night," she said to the young girl.

"Good-night, Mrs. Pamflett," said Phœbe; "and thank you for all you have done to-day."

"I am glad you are pleased with me. May I call you Phœbe?"

"Yes, if you like."

"May I kiss you?"

"Yes," said Phœbe, with a bright look; and she received and returned the kiss.

"This is the commencement of a happy time for you, Phœbe." She had heard from her son all the particulars of the agreement entered into by him and Miser Farebrother.

Phœbe glanced shyly at her, and thought, "Does she know about Mr. Cornwall? Does everybody know?" She answered Mrs. Pamflett's remark aloud: "I am sure it is. Oh, Mrs. Pamflett, I *am* happy—very, very happy!"

"I am delighted to hear you say so. Good-night again, Phœbe."

"Good-night, Mrs. Pamflett."

When she was in her father's room, with the door closed, what reason had Phœbe to suppose that Mrs. Pamflett was crouching down outside, to catch what passed between Miser Farebrother and his daughter?

"Come and sit beside me, Phœbe," said Miser Farebrother. "So—the birthday is over?"

"Nearly over, father."

"And your friends have gone away contented?"

"Yes, father."

"Those flowers look well in your dress. What flowers are they? Ah, I see—white daisies and roses. Who gave you the daisies?"

"A poor friend in the village sent them to me." Knowing that her father was incensed against Tom Barley, she did not dare to mention his name.

"And the roses, Phœbe?"

"Mr. Cornwall gave them to me," said Phœbe, timidly.

"Can you spare me one?"

She gave it to him gladly, and he stuck it in his coat. Phœbe's heart beat quick. Every sign that came to her was in harmony with its throbbing.

"I am sorry, for your sake, Phœbe, that I am not younger and stronger."

"Dear father! I grieve that you suffer so! If I only knew what to do to make you well!"

"That is spoken like a dutiful child. All that you can do is not to worry me—not to give me pain."

"Indeed, indeed, father," said Phœbe, earnestly, "I will never do that!"

"You are a good girl. It is strange that it was only the other day I suddenly discovered you were a woman. The change brings other changes; and I, your father, must not be blind to the fact. Why, Phœbe," he said, gayly, "it is more than likely that one day you will marry." Phœbe hung her head. "You blush!—as your dear mother used to blush when she and I were talking of love. I did my best to make her happy. She died too soon for you and me!" He sighed, and paused a moment. "And now, Phœbe, I am both mother and father to you."

"Yes, dear father."

"I have only one wish in life, Phœbe—your happiness; and we must bring it about. It has happened sometimes that you have not seen me in a right light; I have said things which may have laid me open to misconstruction. They have not really come from my heart; I have been so tortured with pain that I scarcely knew what I was saying. Will you forgive me, Phœbe?"

"Dear father, I love you!"

"You are my own child, your sainted mother's child! Before she died she spoke to me of the time when you would be a woman, and when changes were before you. The duty you owed to her, you owe also to me."

"I shall never be wanting in it, father."

"You will marry—of course you will marry. You will ask for my consent, like a dutiful, loving child?"

"I could not be happy without it, father," said Phœbe, in a low tone. His voice was so benevolent, so imbued with concern for her happiness, that her heart went out to him.

"That is a promise, my dear child?"

"Yes, dear father, it is a promise."

"That you will not marry without my consent. Phœbe, this loving conversation is doing me good; it is better than all the doctors in the world: I am feeling almost well." He folded her in his arms and kissed her. "Why, what is this? A Prayer-book. Your mother's, my dear, which we used together when we went to church. She is looking down upon us now; she will guard you in your dreams to-night. Kiss this sacred book, my child, and repeat what you have promised—that you will not marry without my consent."

Without hesitation Phœbe took the book in her hand and kissed it, saying as she did so, "Dear father, I will never marry without your consent." She laid the book upon the table, and burst into a flood of happy tears.

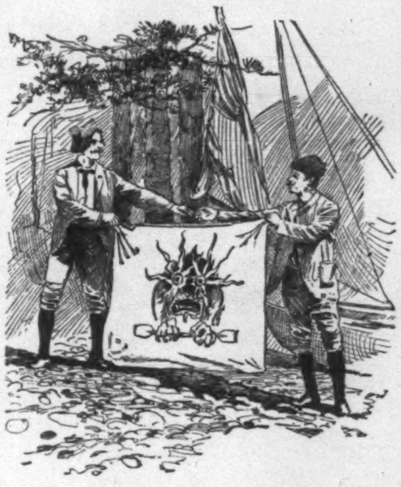
"Good child, good child!" said Miser Farebrother—"your sainted mother's child. Now go;

I am exhausted. Good-night, Phœbe. May you have happy dreams!"

Phœbe tenderly embraced him, and went to her room, the happiest of happy girls. While Miser Farebrother rubbed his hands, and muttered gleefully, "Mr. Cornwall, my cunning lawyer, and my dear sister and brother-in-law, I think I have scotched your little scheme." He went to bed in a perfectly happy frame of mind. He had done a good night's work.

On a little table by Phœbe's bed were Fred Cornwall's and Tom Barley's flowers. She kissed Fred's flowers before she blew out the light, and even in the dark she drew them to her lips, and so fell asleep with the roses at her breast.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



CANOE CAPERS.

When a yacht upsets, it is naturally considered a very serious accident, even if no one is drowned. Many people are drowned every year in consequence of sail-boat capsizes and the swamping of row-boats and shells. It seems very strange, then, for a regatta committee to put on a programme of races an event in which it is necessary to capsize a sail-boat in order to win the race; yet this is just what the officers of the American Canoe Association did—they made a special event on the yearly meet programme of an upset sailing race in canoes. Upset paddling races have been a feature of the association and club regattas for years, and no serious accidents have ever occurred in consequence, strange to say; in fact, this race is always looked forward to by the spectators, as it is the most amusing performance of all the queer things that the canoeists do at their meets.

It is such a common thing for canoes to upset when sailing that the association officers decided to encourage the providing of safeguards against accidents, and the acquiring of skill in managing a canoe under such circumstances, by putting an Upset Sailing Race on the programme of races, in which the contestants must sail a given distance, and at a signal purposely capsize the canoe, bringing the tip of the mast to the water, then right the boat and sail to the finish line, some distance beyond. This race was sailed on the bay off Bow-Arrow Point, Lake Champlain, where the American Canoe Association held its annual camp and meet August 12 to 27. R. W. Gibson, of Albany, won the race in canoe *Notus*. When he righted the canoe after the upset it was full of water, except the two small water-tight compartments in each end. He sailed over the line with his decks just at the surface of the water. The second canoe in, *Bopeep*, got very little water aboard, as the bulkheads were near together, leaving large air tanks in either end; but it was not well sailed, and therefore failed to win. The other two contestants were helpless after the upset, and had to be towed ashore by other boats.

Thirty-five canoes competed in the sailing races, and eight of them upset on account of heavy winds and rough water on the open lake. Most of them were righted and got ashore without help from other boats, but all save one retired from the races. Paul Butler, of Lowell, sailed the *Blanch*, and was upset during the Trophy race—the great canoeing event of the year—when it was only half sailed, and he held third place. Nothing daunted, he climbed over the side of the canoe, stood on the centre-board, righted Mistress *Blanch*, wetting his feet only in the operation, luffed up into the wind, and set to work bailing out. While he was thus employed four canoes caught up to and passed him. Then he started off again, overhauled one after another, until at the finish he secured fourth place, and had the satisfaction of seeing eleven men come in behind him, for fifteen of the crack canoes only are allowed to enter the Trophy race. Canoes are so constructed that they cannot sink when upset, even with lead ballast in the hold. If the skipper has skill and pluck enough, he can always right a canoe and sail or paddle home without help. Can this be done by one man in any other boat yet invented?

Gibson won the silver trophy in 1886, and again this year, and therefore retains the title of champion canoe sailor of the world. He beat the crack English and Canadian canoe sailors last year; and canoe sailing is a sport as yet confined to England, where it originated, Canada, and the United States. He also won the "Man-overboard Race" at the meet, in which it is necessary for the canoeist to throw his paddle overboard behind him while sailing, and recover it again. The race clearly shows who can handle canoe and sails most effectively, and what model of boat will come about and jibe in the shortest time.

George Barney won two sailing races in his canoe *Pecowsic*. His father, a man over fifty years old, won three first sailing prizes at the meet last year in the same canoe. He entered four races, and was beaten but once in the Trophy Race, and then only by a few seconds. Other races were won by Paul Butler and Phil Wackerhagen. The Combined Race, sailing part of the course and paddling the rest, was won by Andrews, of Rochester, who has won the upset paddling races for three years.

There is always one sailing race on the programme for canoeists who have sailed a canoe but one year, called the Novice Race. It was won this year by Sinclaire, of Brooklyn. *Romona*, sailed by Jones, of Brockville, was the fastest Canadian canoe at the meet, and it got good places in every event entered.

The canoeists when in camp all consider themselves boys; even Cook, of Chicago, seventy-two years old, considers himself one, and like the rest proves it by his behavior. He is the crack sailor of the West, proved by winning three sailing races at the Western Canoe Association meet in July, on Lake Erie, with a canoe designed, built, rigged, and sailed by himself.

Lying at anchor off the Point during the A. C. A. meet was S. R. Stoddard's canoe *Atlantis*, in which he took a cruise from Glens Falls, down the Hudson, along the coast, and as far north as the very head of the Bay of Fundy.

The Jabberwock is an ideal. The ideal club is the Jabberwock Canoe Club—no officers, no dues, no club-house; nothing but a totem and bonds of friendship between kindred spirits.

THE BASE-BALL OF TO-DAY.

This is an age of detail. If certain things have not laws sufficient for our taste, we give them a few more by way of providing them with a respectably scientific appearance. This tendency has touched our sports. Foot-ball is afflicted with the dropsy of science. It used to be a game; now it is a business. As for base-ball, it is the supreme victim of codification.

Certain persons, whom some call conservatists and others old fogies, remember the days of their youth with vain regret. They remember when a boy could master the rules of base-ball in ten minutes, and thenceforth know as much as the gravest umpire of them all. They have watched the process of the years, adding here a little and there a little, till the written code of the ball field has grown into a bulky legal text-book, with articles, sections, rules, exceptions, notes, corollaries, and what not. They have seen the game develop from a simple, manly exercise to a complicated science, to which men, in order to attain proficiency, must devote a lifetime of study. They have seen it transformed from a sport into a profession, with large faculties of salaried professors engaged in illustrating the science, while the world sits in the amphitheatre, delirious with applause, erudite in the theory of the game, but hopeless of attaining expertness in its practice.

These same conservatists, who have studied the science of base-ball, and who still find much in it to stir their blood to youthful enthusiasm, believe that they have seen the game growing even beyond the limits of the professors, or rather within them. Centralization has set in, and the sport has narrowed down to a contest between the batter on the one hand, and the pitcher and catcher, ycleped the "battery," on the other. The battery is the assailing force; the striker is the garrison. Whether the battery shall be able to hammer down all his defences and send him skulking before he can make one blow for life and liberty, or he shall repel the fierce assault with a base hit, and sally forth to capture a run, is now the whole problem to be solved in the war of the ball field.

The advent of underhand throwing, in company with the decade of the seventies, is responsible for the wide changes in ball-playing. The pitcher pitched no more. Instead of delivering the ball with a straight swing of the arm from the shoulder, he introduced a certain crook of the elbow and twist of the wrist, which enabled him to drive the ball with greater speed. The catcher discovered that his hands, tough as he thought them, would not stand the hammering. He got a pair of gloves, and cut the fingers off. Then the pitcher threw faster, and the catcher had to have his gloves padded. Then came Mr. Cummings's discovery of the fact that the ball he threw swerved to the left of a direct line of flight, and Mr. Cummings's immediate discovery of the manner of producing this desirable effect. Mr. Cummings astonished professionals; and Mr. Joseph McElroy Mann, of the Princeton University nine, having learned the trick from him, did the same for the amateurs. Then ensued an era of striking out, and spectators saw game after game in which the scores were 3 to 0, 2 to 1, and 1 to 0.

The pundits began to amend the laws. Hitherto the umpire had called balls and strikes pretty much as he pleased. Now they compelled him to call them according to rule. The pitcher acquired another curve, and threw more rapidly than ever. And so it went. The batter learned to hit the pitching. Then the pundits gave the pitcher more liberty. Now he can throw a ball in any manner, so long as he keeps his feet on the ground. What has been the result of this? In the course of the season just coming to an end a large proportion of the games have been won by such scores as 11 to 2, 10 to 3, 5 to 1. This seems to indicate that the game has finally come to be nothing but a struggle between the pitcher and the batter. Catchers now are compelled to wear heavy gloves, masks for their faces, and pads for their bodies to protect them from the terrific pounding of the modern pitching. The pitchers throw out and in curves, rising balls, down shoots, and half a dozen bewildering combinations of these. The pitching has grown constantly in advance of the batting, and now the man at the home plate must have four strikes, destroying the old arithmetical beauty of the game, with its three balls, three strikes, three out, three times three on a side, and three times three innings. If the pitcher is in fine form, the batters cannot hit him, and the spectators see inning after inning resulting in blanks. When some slashing fellow penetrates the secrets of the pitcher's curves, and hammers the ball for three bases or a home run, how the crowd cheers! And if the pitcher is not in good form, and is hit all over the field, how the crowd jeers him! It is the pitcher—always the pitcher. The fielders have little to do compared with what they did ten years ago. The game is all played between the pitcher's box and the catcher's mask.

The law-makers of the base-ball world have this thing now to consider: whether the public will not shortly grow tired of seeing this pitching and catching game. There are abundant evidences now that the spectators take delight in long, hard hits. They enjoy seeing the base men and fielders put the men out. They would rather see a game in which each side makes a dozen base hits, and the men are thrown out on the bases or caught out by the fielders, than a match in which the score is 2 to 1, and the pitchers glorify themselves with records of ten men struck out and two or three single hits. And if there is one thing more than another of which spectators are becoming heartily sick, it is seeing men go to first on balls. They want to see the ball hit, and the game won on positive, not negative, points of play.

What are the powers that be going to do about this in their deliberations in the course of the coming winter? It is undeniable that they see the present faults of the game; but how are they to avoid them? They may go on refining the pitching and batting rules, but it seems possible that the final result will be this: the pitchers have about reached the limits of their powers. No more curves or shoots are possible. In a season or two all the good batters will have mastered the tactics of the pitchers. What use will all the curves and shoots be then? Will it not be found advisable to go back to the old straight delivery, and depend upon the base men and fielders to put men out? And will not that system produce a game that will be far more interesting to the spectators, and consequently more profitable to the professional clubs? And will it not also produce a game more nearly within the powers of the average amateur, thus making base-ball even more generally popular as a sport than it is now? It looks so. At any rate it would be worth while for the League and Association officers to consider this matter with care.

AN ANCIENT MAINE SEAPORT.

It was gravely stated in one of the New York dailies a few weeks since, "that Castine, Maine, appears to be having a boom." Why that ancient town should have a boom, and for which of its many interesting aspects the boom had been given, did not appear. But certainly no town of its dimensions has so good a right to an artistic and historic boom as old Castine. It has played a conspicuous part in great doings in its day, and its situation is one of the most beautiful ever vouchsafed to any community on the American continent. It is a little odd, perhaps, that the place has attracted so little attention from the curiosity-seekers who roam up and down the land. But this is due, most likely, to the fact that Castine is not now on the line of any direct communication between large points of commercial importance. The ancient town lies on a bold promontory, formed by the confluence of the Bagaduce and the Penobscot, although, strictly speaking, the Penobscot does not here directly unite with the Bagaduce. The high tongue of land that bears Castine, like a rare jewel, juts firmly out into the waters of Penobscot Bay. That bay, studded with innumerable islands, is one of the most beautiful in the world. The island shores are bluffy, well-wooded, and picturesque in outline and disposition. A steamer approaching Castine from Boston or Portland passes by the eastern end of Long Island, heading north. Before the summer voyager appear two vistas. That to the left, or east, extends up a winding and ample stream, its shores rising into verdurous, cultivated slopes, and its distance shading into a tumult of hills over which the dominating lines of the peaks of Mount Desert and the rotund dome of Blue Hill strike the sky-line. This is the river Bagaduce. The western vista stretches further up the landscape, and its interlacing middle distance and extreme distance finally melt into changing hues of sapphire, violet, and indigo, the sparkling waters of the Penobscot flowing between and downward to the bay. Between these two delicious perspectives, whitely shining amid its leafage, is old Castine. Its feet are in the crystal tide, its head is guarded by the ruined fortification that crowns the peninsula—Fort George.

When all the region east of the Kennebec and north of the Atlantic Ocean was Acadia, Castine was Pentagoet. In those days there was much fighting going on between the rival chieftains of the French dominions hereabouts. Pentagoet, or Castine, was fought for by all sorts of people and kin. Dutch, English, French, the Massachusetts Pilgrims, the red men of the wilderness, and an occasional free-booter candidly bent on plunder, have all taken a hand in the strife for the possession of the town that now so sleepily blinks at its own image mirrored in the tide of the Bagaduce. But it was not until the Baron Vincent de St. Castin, of the Bas Pyrenees, France, established himself here, about 1667, that Pentagoet, otherwise Castine, began to take a sure hold in history. The Baron was commander of a French regiment that had been engaged in fighting the Moslem in eastern Europe, and when the subjugation of the Canadian wilderness was determined upon by the French court, came over with his band of soldiers and swash-bucklers to promote that laudable enterprise. This accomplished, the sturdy Baron, intent on other adventures of high emprise, turned his footsteps to the South. He married a daughter of Madockawando, a sagamore of the Tarratines. On one of the sunny slopes of the Bagaduce, where now stands the town that bears his name, St. Castin built a fort, the outlines of which, with here and there a bit of mediæval masonry laid in 1626 by his predecessors, may be traced unto this day.

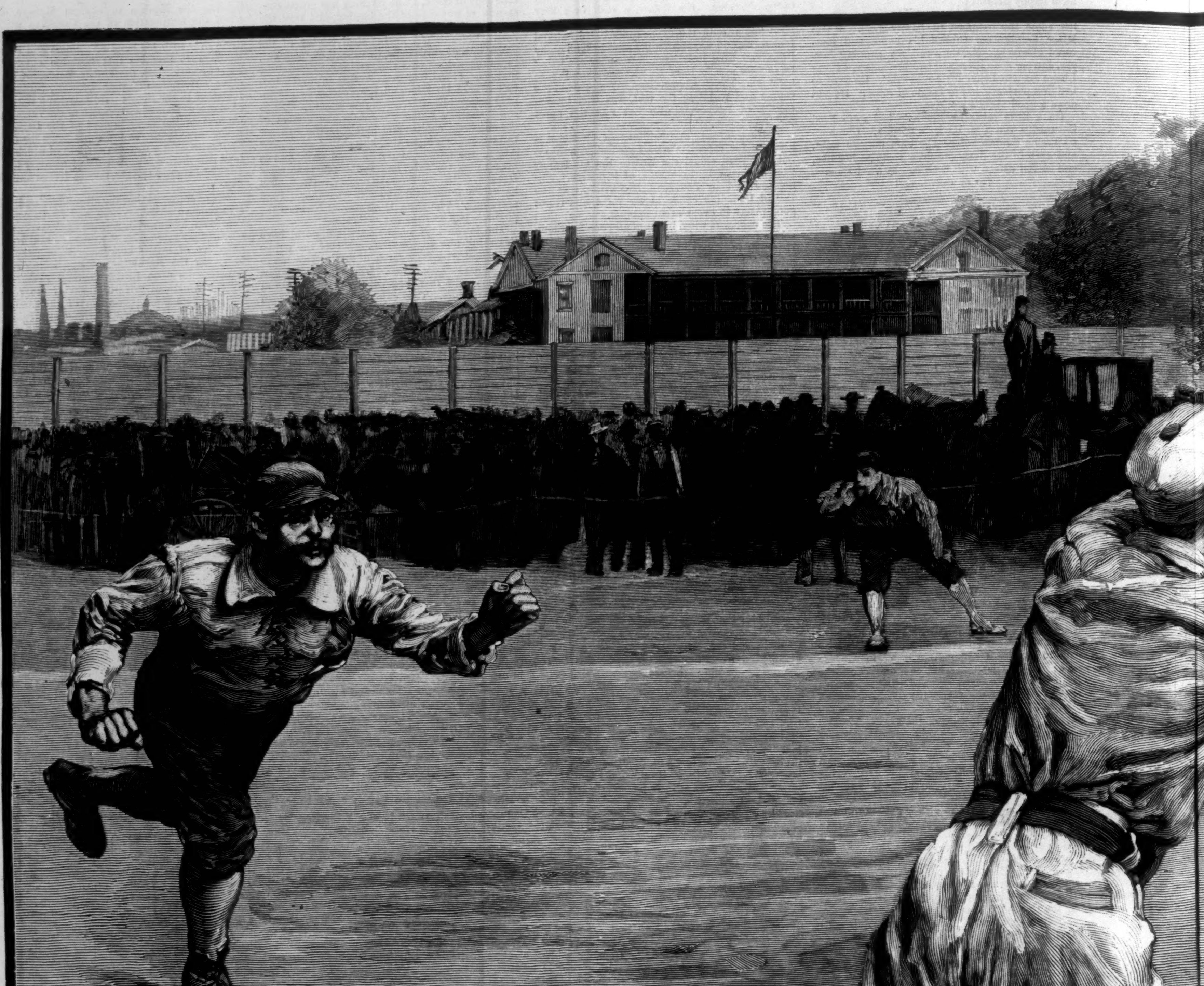
In due course of time the all-conquering British established themselves here, and St. Castin was routed out by Governor Andros of unsavory memory, in that aggressive gentleman's zeal for the extension of British supremacy among the Indians. In the Revolutionary war, owing to the harassments upon British commerce committed by the American privateersmen of the region, the invaders took possession of the peninsula and fortified it. Ruins of these strategic and defensive works are dotted all over the slopes and ridges of Castine, and occasionally the share of the ploughman or the spade of the relic-hunter turns up a cannon-ball, a bit of military accoutrement, or some more ghastly reminder that men were killed in bloody fights that raged all over the peaceful hills.

The next stage of Castine's history was when ship-building and fishing were in their golden prime in these parts. Here, it is said, ships were built by the mile, and cut up in sections to suit purchasers. Here were fitted out fleets of vessels to reap the finny harvest of the sea, and great times were those when the full-laden Bankers, after three months of successful fishing, came triumphantly home, firing cannon to announce their joyful return with profitable fares. Here wealth accumulated, if men did decay. Castine is still proud of its rich old families, its ancient traditions of solid splendor, its wide acquaintance and frequent intercourse beyond the seas, and its uncommonly refined and aristocratic society. The antiquarian or bric-à-brac hunter who goes thither with the expectation of finding a rude and uncultured population ready to be patronized by "city folks" will find himself wofully mistaken. No Spanish grandee of high renown could be more hospitable or more resentful of impertinence than these same dwellers in the old historic town. A place so beautiful for situation as this, so amply stored with historic memories, so quaint and curious in its own peculiar way, so picturesque in all its features, cannot always be the exclusive possession of its self-contained people, its home-returning sons and daughters from afar, and its occasional summer wayfarer who discovers the hidden beauties of the region, and selfishly would keep them for his own.

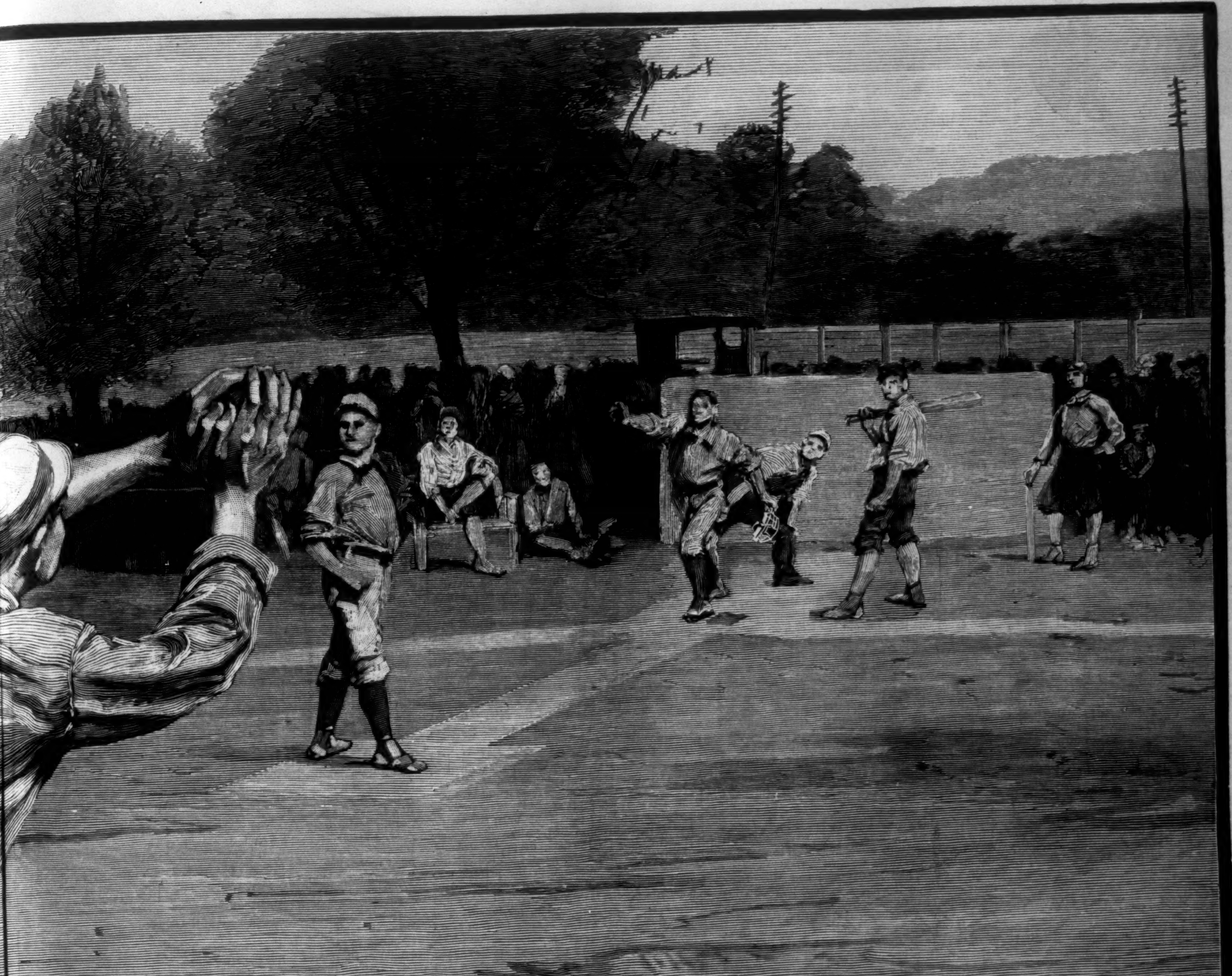
MARS AND VENUS.

How did that pretty maid manage to perch herself on the gun-carriage? Young Mars must have given her his sun-browned hand, and with a quick military "one, two, three, and up you go," helped the girl to spring into her place. Artists are fond of contrasts. There was Landseer, who painted a delightful picture of an English down. There was an old cannon lying prone on the ground, cushioned in a growth of sweet grasses and tender mosses, and peaceful sheep were feeding, nibbling wild flowers which grew right in the muzzle of the old gun. There is an ugly story of a lady and a cannon, with which Napoleon had to do. It seems to be true, as he told it himself, the only uncertainty about it being as to when it took place, whether in France, before Toulon, or during one of his Italian campaigns. There was a lady who wanted to see what war was like, and Napoleon Bonaparte was her escort. Expressing her modest request, Napoleon had a cannon fired at the enemy, and then a slight attack of outposts began. Of course it was an insignificant affair, "the attack being a mere fancy one, and yet some men were left on the field." Think of the lives of half a dozen men sacrificed to satisfy a woman's whim!

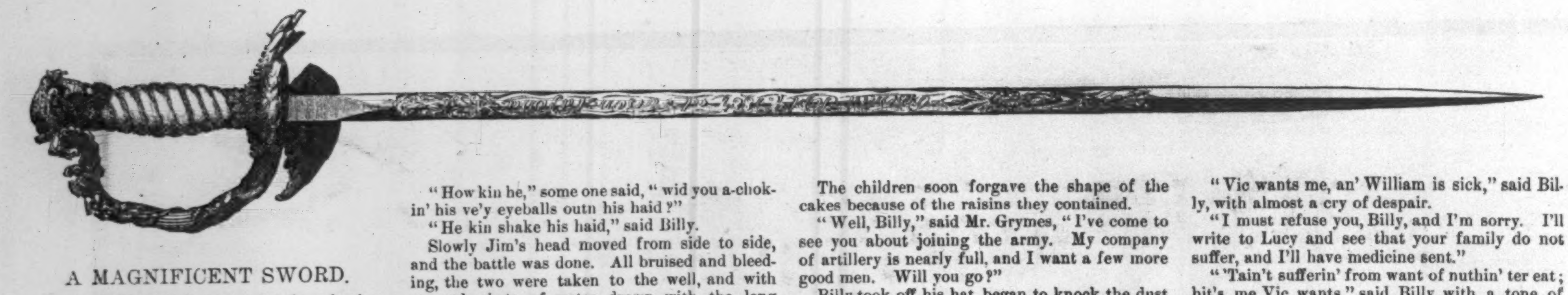
The incident Mr. Zogbaum has drawn is one that may take place at Fortress Monroe, or perhaps anywhere else, providing there are these adjuncts: a cannon, a lieutenant, and a pretty girl, and, above all, privacy. A fair arm thrown in graceful curve around a bronzed gun is a pose full of artistic charm. Venus always did gaze with admiration on the weapons which served Mars's dread purpose. Perhaps there may not be so much of poetry in such matters as there was some hundreds of years ago, when "war's glorious art" gave immortal fame, and casques had nodding plumes, and knights shone resplendent in their armor. Naturally a young lady so seated on a gun-carriage would be certain to ask, "Suppose it were to go off?" and, "Was this cannon ever really used to kill men with?" Then Lieutenant Mars would tell what he knew about this particular piece, of its past glories, the actions it has taken part in. As he is of the newer school, paying a tribute of respect to the gun for what it has done, he may declare that, with the advance made in artillery, the piece belongs to the Silurian age of ordnance. How it comes about no one can tell or follow the transition, but as likely as not there is an engagement made for the next german, and—and— That old gun may have witnessed in its time powder-blackened men surging toward it, bent on its capture or death, and when it was almost within their grasp a single spurt of red fire darting from its muzzle swept away the foe, and the piece had been saved as by a miracle. Now the cannon listens to a sweet musical laugh from the girl who lovingly pats it, and it hears young Mars's words sounding deep and earnest.



"THROWN OUT ON SECOND."—Dra



Drawn by Gilbert Gaul.—[See Page 647.]



A MAGNIFICENT SWORD.

On this and the following page there is given a representation of the splendid sword and scabbard to be presented on behalf of the people of Arizona to Brigadier-General **Nelson A. Miles**, in recognition of his services in the capture of **Geronimo** and the subjugation of the hostile Apaches. The sword has been made by **Tiffany** & Co., and in point of artistic excellence it is regarded by them as perhaps the finest of the many presentation swords which have come from their workshops. The following is a detailed description of this unique weapon:

The shield of the guard is formed by three eagle heads and outspread wings, signifying protection; on one of the wings, and caught by a few feathers, are the initials "N. A. M.," modelled after a study from the Arizona cactus, and on the other wing the letters "U. S." in the same treatment. The guard is formed of eagle feathers, around which is entwined the American flag, and at the end finished by a portrait head of the Indian chief **Natchez**. The extreme top of the hilt is covered with Indian ornament, in which is set a large sapphire asteria weighing 56¼ carats. This stone, according to East Indian tradition, gives courage to the wearer and preserves him from evil spirits. In the front of this top is an eagle, whose wings encircle it, and which holds in its extend edtalons the pipe and a tomahawk, emblems of peace and war. The grip is of white enamel, banded with fine lines of beaded gold. On the blade is etched in relief—on one side, "General **Nelson A. Miles**"; on the other side, "Presented September 4, 1887, at Tucson, Arizona."

The scabbard is decorated with Indian scenes, commencing with a representation of an Indian camp and reservation, a consultation of officers, a start of infantry and cavalry in pursuit of Apaches, a surprise of Indians in ambush, the fight, the capture of **Geronimo**, and the taking of captives to the railroad station for transportation back to the reservation. The reverse side of the scabbard bears the inscription: "Presented by the people of Arizona, in grateful acknowledgment of distinguished services in the capture and removal of **Geronimo** and the hostile Apaches." The toe or extreme end of the scabbard is a carefully modelled portrait of the chief **Geronimo**. The entire sword, with the exception, of course, of the blade, is of gold of a subdued color, or what is termed nugget finish.

BILLY HELL STANLEY.

I.

The only education that Billy Stanley received was from Miss Lucy Grymes, who opened a Sunday-school for the children of Hell Town, a well-known locality in Virginia, soon after the story connecting his father with the robbery of Mr. Grymes's corn-house was known. The alphabet was a mystery to him, but he never tired of the Bible stories that Miss Lucy told her class. These he repeated to his father as they sat around the fire at night, weaving "hamper baskets" out of white-oak "splits." At school he loved to sit by Victorine Hall, a neighbor's daughter. As little Victorine grew to womanhood, Billy loved to be near her more and more, until at length he asked her to marry him. But the old story of his father and the corn-house clung to him, and Victorine's parents hesitated to wed her to her lover. She had come to love Billy, and did not believe the ugly story. One day she asked Miss Lucy if it was true. The teacher said that Mr. Grymes had never accused Tim, the father, and that satisfied the girl. But the young men of the neighborhood tried to worry Billy with hints as to his father's guilt. One day at the cross-roads his rival, Jim Lowry, said, in a facetious manner, "Fellers orter min' how they waits on ladies ef their daddies 'ain't larned ter keep out o' neighbors' corn-fiel's."

"What fellers an' what ladies are you a-hintin' at?" said Billy, as he stepped in front of Jim.

"Let them whar the cap fits put it on," Jim replied, with a coarse laugh, in which most of the crowd joined.

"*I* puts it on," said Billy; "an' I pulls off my coat an' dyahs you ter step out in de road."

Jim did not bargain for such a practical ending to his little joke, but before the crowd he was ashamed to refuse the challenge. The battle was according to no rules that I know of, except those which govern contests of men fighting for something dear to them. Sheer strength and endurance and little skill was the order of combat. There was no calling of time; no seconds sponged the fighters to give new vigor to the wearied limbs. It was one continued struggle for mastery. Now there was a fierce exchange of blows that fell with the force of sledge-hammers; now it was a wrestle, a fall, and a rough fight in the sandy road for victory. Jean shirts were torn to tatters, and "galluses," as an eye-witness said, "was a-flyin' in the a'r like the rags on a scarecrow." At last a lucky trip of Billy's threw him on top of his enemy, and they lay still for a moment. Billy's hand was grasping Jim's throat.

"Holler nuff," cried Billy, when he found breath with which to speak.

"How kin he," some one said, "wid you a-chokin' his ve'y eyeballs outn his haid?"

"He kin shake his haid," said Billy.

Slowly Jim's head moved from side to side, and the battle was done. All bruised and bleeding, the two were taken to the well, and with many buckets of water, drawn with the long sweep, the bloody signs of conflict were washed away. When this was done Billy went up to Jim and held out his hand.

"Now," said Billy, "Miss Lucy sez we mus' fergive them whar wrongs us. I fergives you, an' thar's my han'."

"Damn your han'!" said Jim.

"Shake it," Billy said, in a stern voice—"shake it, er you 'n' me 'ain't had our fight out."

Jim hesitated, but the tones and look of his late antagonist allowed of no doubt as to what must be done, so the two hands met for a moment.

"Now, Jim," said Billy, "don't you jine the names o' fellers an' ladies 'pon suspicions. I goes whar I pleases, axes no man no odds, an' I'll marry the girl I wants spite o' the world an' the devil." Then he looked around on the crowd who had laughed at him, and continued, "Ef anybody has remarks ter mek 'bout me 'n' any lady, I wish they'd mek them 'fore I leave."

No one had any such remarks to make at that time, nor did Billy ever hear any more jokes about the corn-field, and he was called the "King of Hell Town."

II.

Not long after the fight, Billy married Victorine. The wedding gifts of special value were a cow and calf, two pigs, and some household linen. These gifts from Mr. Grymes and Miss Lucy, and the presence of the donors at the wedding, satisfied every one that the old story of Tim's wrongdoing was a lie. Little by little the old Stanley cabin took on a more attractive appearance. A shed was added to be used as a kitchen. A neat hen-house was built, about which many fowls moved in noisy fellowship. The boundaries of the cleared land enlarged, and the small log corn-house was full at Christmas. Billy was proud of his success, but the gifts that pleased him most were his wife and a pair of twins that came in due time to crown his happiness. No trouble had ever come to him and Vic except such petty household cares as could be easily relieved by their own exertions and the kindly help of Mr. Grymes and his sister. When Billy was ambitious of owning more land, he bought a few acres from an adjoining farm, and Mr. Grymes was his security. Remnants of flannel suited to warming the limbs of the twins went from Oakland to the Stanley cabin, and Mr. Grymes and Miss Lucy never passed by the house without leaving a little bundle of tea or something more substantial. These were Arcadian days, and Billy thought himself the richest man in all the county of Hanover, next to William Grymes, and Vic thought herself blest in her happiness and in her friend Miss Lucy.

But the peacefulness of Billy's home was disturbed by the talk of war that drew the men together now so often at the cross-roads. Already one company of infantry had gone to Richmond to be mustered into service. And now the government was asking for artillery. In response to this Mr. Grymes called for volunteers from the "brawn and muscle" of Hell Town. Probably not a dozen of the men who were eager now to join the new command had seen a cannon, but soon they were learning the lessons of war. Billy did not think that he should volunteer, so far was fighting from his mind, nor did he understand quite clearly what was the danger that threatened the State. He thought the trouble was about politics, and of that he knew nothing, except to vote for the regular Democratic candidate and follow Mr. Grymes.

One evening he was ploughing corn near his house. Behind him, in the soft earth of the newly turned furrows, walked his children, William and Lucy. William was imitating his father with a whip made of a long rag tied to a piece of a tobacco stick. Lucy was twining about her fingers the worms that the plough turned up. In front of the door of the house Victorine was churning. As the dasher rose and fell with musical rhythm she sang in a soft, contented voice some familiar hymn. A brood of young ducks were dipping their bills with noisy relish into the milk that ran down the outside of the churn. The sound of a horse's feet made Victorine look up the road that led to Oakland. In a few moments Mr. Grymes rode to the house and stopped.

"How goes it, Victorine?" he said, with a pleasant voice.

"We're all right smart, thank you, sir. How's all at Oakland?"

"Very well indeed. Lucy sent you this little bundle. I think it's some tea and a little something for her namesake. Where's your husband and the little ones? Hi! there they are!" he exclaimed, as the ploughman and his followers came from behind the barn. "How goes it, Billy? An' how d'ee, little chilluns? Run, see what I've got for you." The children ran, with familiar greetings, and Mr. Grymes dismounted from his horse. Putting his hand in his pocket, he took out a bundle of cakes.

"Is dee hoss-cakes?" asked little William.

"No, indeed, honey; they're heap better than those old hard horse-cakes from the cross-roads store."

The children soon forgave the shape of the cakes because of the raisins they contained.

"Well, Billy," said Mr. Grymes, "I've come to see you about joining the army. My company of artillery is nearly full, and I want a few more good men. Will you go?"

Billy took off his hat, began to knock the dust from his boots with his whip, and thought for a few moments. Victorine stopped churning and came close to her husband.

"Mr. Grymes," said Billy, lifting his eyes slowly to his friend's face, "I'm mighty ignorant 'bout all that poltishuns sez as ter the wah, an' I 'ain't got no slaves, ner nothin' but this little piece o' lan' what you helped me pay fer, an' my wife an' chilluns, but my father, 'fore he died, told me ter foller you, an' I've tried ter do so, an' I 'ain't had no reason ter be sorry fer doin' so. Ef you sez 'tis my duty ter go in the army, I'll go, an' join your company. But how 'bout my fam'ly?"

"Leave them here, and my people will care for them. Every man must do his duty now."

Victorine laid her hand on Billy's shoulder, and said, "Go, Billy, ef Mr. Grymes sez so."

So Billy went to the war, knowing nothing of the great causes that arrayed armies of the same nation against each other.

III.

It is not my purpose to tell the story of the war, nor even of Billy's part therein. He fought when fighting was the order of the day, starved as patiently as he could when that was necessary, marched many miles with bruised and bleeding feet, slept as only men can sleep who know the fierce delights and pains of battle, until at length he found himself at Petersburg, one of that little band that waited for the end. Grymes's battalion was famous now. Its famous battery was known as "The Hell Town Howling Horribles." This name was given by Billy one day when the guns reeled into a hot position, with the men echoing his favorite hunting cry, "Hark 'em, boys!" as with laugh and jest he urged the drivers to beat a rival battery in a race for the best position, which was the hottest.

Now the lines were thin enough that held Grant's veterans at bay. Worse than all this, letters from the soldiers' families told of sickness, suffering, and want. Only a few men able to cultivate the land were left at home. The force of negroes on the large farms was much reduced in many ways, and those that remained had become inefficient through the lack of proper control. In many cases only women managed the estates. Matters were far worse with the private who owned no slaves, and had but a small piece of land. His family, for whose support his pay was a mockery, were crying to him for bread. The enemy that he had met so bravely for four years was as nothing compared to this new foe which threatened all that he possessed or loved the most. Officers could preach of patriotism and the lofty demands of duty which exacted of the simple-hearted soldier the costliest sacrifice a man can make. But with wife and children starving, or suffering for want of proper care, how could these men, who cared but little for the great causes of the war, be expected to face the terrors of the hour? Yet these patient heroes, whose names no history can record, did fight and march and suffer all of war's fierce pangs, while those they loved at home were suffering hunger, "need, sickness, and other adversities."

The mails had become uncertain, and the men were dependent on new recruits for news from home. Many soldiers were from distant States, and they knew nothing of the troubles that might be about their families. Billy was considered fortunate by his comrades, for his wife sent him notes in the letters that Colonel Grymes received from Miss Lucy. A recruit from Hell Town had told Billy that Vic and the children were not very well, and that scarlet-fever was in the neighborhood. The day after this news arrived Colonel Grymes handed Billy a note, which, he said, came in one from his sister Lucy.

"You read it fer me, please, sir," said Billy, handing the note back to the Colonel.

This was what Vic said:

"My dear Husband,—I take my pen in han to enform you that we all is sick and William is mity porely with the scarlet fever and the doctor sez he cant git no medcun fittin for the child only at Richmond and thar aint nobody but old men and women here now to git nuthin. Lucy is porely and sens her best love. William is flity and talks about huntin and keeps on askin if his pa aint done shootin Yankees. Miss Lucy is good and kind but taint like as if twas you. I dont see no use in fitin if the women and childuns has to perish for want of the men. Its most the same to me as if the Yankees come and muddered we all. I hope you can git a furlo. If you dont I shall die. Hopin you are in good health and prayin God to bless you,

"I am your lovin wife

"Victorine Stanley.

"P.S.—Of course you must git a furlo before you leaves. Ring and Music is well. Come, fur God's sake, if you can git a furlo."

"Can I get a furlough?" asked Billy, when the Colonel finished reading.

"I'm afraid not. We're refusing all furloughs now, except in case of sickness."

"Vic wants me, an' William is sick," said Billy, with almost a cry of despair.

"I must refuse you, Billy, and I'm sorry. I'll write to Lucy and see that your family do not suffer, and I'll have medicine sent."

"'Tain't sufferin' from want of nuthin' ter eat; hit's me Vic wants," said Billy, with a tone of pain in his voice.

"I've not enough men to handle my guns now, and I must keep you here. I'm sorry, but I can't help it. We may have a battle to-morrow."

The Colonel rode away, and left Billy looking sternly at the ground.

"I've follered you," said Billy, in a low tone, "an' ever since I can remember. But now my child's sick, Vic wants me, an' I'm goin' home, ef 'tis only fer one night. You an' Miss Lucy is been my fr'en's ever sence I kin recollec'. It 'pears ter me that all the good I've ever done has been because you helped me. But now it's follerin' you what's brought me here. I told you at the first I didn't know nuthin' about the war. Ef all men had o' minded their own bizness like I did, there needn't o' been no war. I don't mind fightin', but, my God! I can't stay here, with William sick an' Vic a-wantin' me. What's fightin', er war, er nuthin' else ter me ef ther boy dies? I know the Cunl will be kine ter me when I comes back; ef he ain't, I can't help it. I ain't nuthin' but a private, an' the war kin go on without me. I'm goin' home ef they kills me fer it."

The next morning found Billy, fifty miles away from his command, at the bedside of his boy—a deserter.

"How did you get leave?" asked Victorine.

"I asked the Cunl," said Billy, as he turned his eyes away; "an' I'll stay ez long ez you need me."

For three days he watched his child; then it died. Little Lucy was already sick, and after three more days of suffering she died also. Then Victorine fell sick, and soon she was past all help from the simple remedies that could be gotten in those helpless times.

One night Billy was watching his wife as she lay in a stupor. He was roused by the sound of a horn far off, and then he heard another and another echoing up and down Newfound River. "What's that?" he asked of one of the watchers.

"Nuthin' but the Provo' Gyards a-huntin' some 'serter. But they can't catch 'em here, fer we gives 'em warnin' by blowin' our dinner-horns. Jim Lowry leads 'em."

Billy leapt to his feet, and rushed toward the door. Victorine heard with half consciousness the question and the answer. Billy's quick movement roused her. She opened her eyes and said, "Where are you going?"

"Back to camp," exclaimed Billy.

"Are you a deserter?"

Billy's reply was to go quickly out of the house. Down through the pines he went to the river, determined to go back to the army rather than be caught by the guards. But the river was swollen now, and its broad, muddy waters stopped his flight. The only bridge for miles was gone. Billy heard the horns still blowing in the distance. "Too late," he muttered. "I forgot I was a deserter ez soon ez I got home." After a while, when he thought the guards had gone away, he went back to his home. The house was all desolate now. His wife was dead. She thought that he had left her, and her sorrows became more than she could bear.

IV.

To the burying-ground that was not far away, where for many generations Hell Town had laid its dead to rest, Victorine's body was borne. The road that led there lay through a pine wood, and all day long, even when the aspen leaves in front of Billy's house hung idle for want of a breath of air, a sad, murmuring sound was heard here, as though the dark pines needed no wandering breeze to give their sorrows voice. With strange fitfulness the sorrowful sounds would start in some far-off spot, and move from tree to tree, from limb to limb, swelling almost into a shriek, and then they would die away, leaving behind an undertone of sadness. The sunlight hid its brightness as it started through the sighing limbs, and fell slowly until it faded away upon the ground.

By Billy's request only a few persons were present. When he was asked what preacher he wished, he said: "Don't want none. Miss Lucy 'll do. She was Vic's teacher at Way-side Sunday-school, and she's all the preacher I wants." Much secrecy was necessary for their proceedings, lest the Provost Guard might catch Billy. So the services were appointed for sunset, and no hymn was to be sung. The rude coffin was borne on an old cart, which was driven by Billy. He seemed to resent the aid of any one in handling the body. But a few old men were present to help lower the coffin into the grave. When this was done, Billy turned to Miss Lucy and said, "You kin read now."

"I am the resurrection and the life." With pitiful accents the sweet voice read the solemn words. Billy stood by the grave, and leaned in a listless way upon the long handle of a shovel. The women wept, and the old men, hatless about the grave, listened with stolid indifference. When Miss Lucy came to the words of committal she paused for some one to cast the clods upon the coffin. No one moved, or seemed to know what was wanted. She stepped close to the grave, stooped down, and took some earth in her hand.

"Dust to dust." As the clods fell upon the

coffin Billy looked at Miss Lucy and spoke: "I could o' done that, Miss Lucy. I beg your pardon, but maybe you knows best, an' she loved you."

Just then a negro came running out of the wood, shouting as he ran, "Dee's comin'! dee's comin'!"

"Who's comin', boy?" asked Billy, as he drew his revolver. Then he threw back his head, and his nostrils quivered with excitement.

"It's de gyards an' Mister Jim Lowry a-lookin' fer Mister Billy Hell Stanley."

Behind the boy was heard horses' feet. All was excitement now. Women cried to Billy to run. Men urged him to go, but he stood still. Miss Lucy laid her hand on his arm and said, "Do your duty, Billy."

"I will," he said, and motioned the people away from him.

"There he is," a voice cried, and four men, led by Jim Lowry, rode rapidly toward the grave. As they came they drew their revolvers and called to Billy to surrender. He stood calmly, with a slight smile playing about his lips. The chance of a fight with these hunters of men pleased him. Jim dismounted, and levelled his pistol at Billy.

"Stand back, Jim," said Billy. "Don't none o' you men dyah ter tech me until Miss Lucy's done reading."

Still Jim advanced, for he did not see the revolver in Billy's hand.

"Back," cried Billy, raising his weapon and taking aim at Jim. "'Tain't no Home Gyard kin tek me alive onless I lets him."

"Stop!" exclaimed Miss Lucy, stepping in front of Billy and laying her hand on his pistol. "Let him alone, Jim, until the services are done. I'll be his security."

Jim lowered his weapon, stopped, and said, in an apologetic tone, "I thought he might run."

"What fer?" said Billy. "I 'ain't got nuthin' ter run fer now;" and he pointed to the open grave, and the two little ones newly made at his feet. A sob of pain burst from him. Then he added, as he choked back the tears and raised his head: "You kin tek me now. Ef I'm ter be shot ez a deserter, let it be done by soldiers, an' not by a Provo' Gyard. Go on, Miss Lucy;" and his pistol fell into the grave.

When the services were done, Billy took the shovel again, and began to throw the earth upon the coffin. The others helped him, and soon a little hillock rose above the broom-straw and the brown pine tags.

"Tek me now," said Billy to his captors. "Tek me to the Cunl. Let him jedge me. I thanks you, Miss Lucy, an' you, kin' fr'en's. Billy Hell Stanley ain't never a-comin' back to Hell Town again. He's a-goin' ter meet his jedgment, only he'd er rather bin shot in battle." Then he shook hands with Miss Lucy and the others. When he came to one of the old men he said: "You tek care o' my houn's Ring an' Music. They's ole, but they's all that's left at the house now."

As the guards mounted their horses and placed their prisoner in front of them, Billy turned to one of the women and said, "You kin sing now." The little group that had been thrown into disorder gathered again about the grave, and the woman to whom Billy had spoken commenced to sing the old funeral hymn, "Hark, from the tomb a mournful sound," and Billy went into the darkness of the pines on his way to his doom.

V.

The court-martial that tried Billy found him guilty, of course, and the sentence was death. No plea could mitigate the penalty, not though Colonel Grymes read to the court a letter from his sister that told in moving words the sorrows that had befallen Billy, and not though the deeds which had made the accused a name for bravery were rehearsed. When Billy was asked if he had anything to say, he rose and thanked those who had spoken kindly about him.

"I'm a deserter," he said, "but ain't afeard ter die, an' I 'ain't got nuthin' ter live fer now. It's dange'ous work standin' picket on the Appermattix down by the Rowlet House, an' men is shot thar every night. Ef the Co't kin let me go thar an' stan' gyard, I reckon I'd be shot almost as soon ez ef you had it done." But this request was refused. Desertion must be made odious, so the commander-in-chief had said.

"Shot at sunrise!" These were the words that kept repeating themselves in Billy's ears as he lay in the prison tent the night before he was to be executed. Outside was the regular tread of the guard as he walked his narrow beat. "Shot," said Billy, as the words forced themselves to his lips. "I wonder ef they'll kill me daid?" He laid his hand upon his heart to feel how large a mark that gave. He pictured to himself the coming scene. He saw the enclosing square. He heard the command that placed him kneeling before the twelve guns. Who would be the men to kill him? Perhaps his own friends. He did not dread to face the muskets, but he shrank from the eyes of those that had thought him the best fighter in the company. Was there no escape? Could he overcome the guard, and make his way to the line, where he heard the rattle of the guns? Through a hole in his tent he saw the flash of the shells as they passed over the lines and fell into the city. There was a constant roar of artillery, as though a battle was beginning. Now and then, far away on the right, the roll of musketry started in a desultory manner, and increased as it came nearer, until the whole army seemed to be firing. Billy listened to the sound of the cannon in the direction of his own command, and fancied he knew the tones of the gun that he served. So thin were the lines that Billy knew a fierce assault by the enemy must drive the army back from the breastworks, and then he would be captured. He envied the men that were dropping in the trenches or among the skirmishers, and he thought ever of himself, dead on the morrow before the guns of his friends. In his anguish he strove to shut out all the sounds that awoke in him such fierce longings.

The guard was coming near. In the moonlight his shadow fell upon the canvas. As he passed the flaps of the tent he raised them, and said, "Pretty sharp firing in front, partner, an' the strays is drappin' pretty lively 'bout we-uns here."

Billy lifted his head, uncovered his ears, and listened in a spiritless manner. "It's all the same to me," he said, and lay down once more upon his blanket.

Again the guard was coming near the tent, and stray bullets were dropping so close that one fell by Billy's head. He sat up, anxious as to what might happen. Again the shadow of the guard fell upon the tent. Suddenly there was an exclamation, and the shadow stood still. Then it slid rapidly downward and disappeared. Outside was the sound of a body falling heavily upon the ground. Billy leaped to his feet, looked out upon the night, and saw the guard lying still at the door of the tent. He went out slowly, and stooped over the prostrate man. He lifted one hand, felt the wrist, and found no pulse. Then he spoke. "Are you hurt?" No answer came. Looking on the ground Billy saw a stream of blood oozing slowly down the gray and tattered jacket. Loosening the few buttons that were left, and pulling out the sticks that served as buttons, he opened the jacket, and there, through the one thin shirt of the dead soldier, was a bullet-hole just over the heart.

"No use foolin' with a dead man," said Billy, and began to unfasten the soldier's accoutrements. These he put on quickly, and then took up the dead man's gun. In the dark he was as good as any man, and he determined to die rather than be captured again. He knew well the direction of his command, so he started to go there. On the way he met several soldiers and officers, to whose questions as to where he was going he answered, "To the front." That countersign let him pass unmolested. His brain felt on fire, and he walked as one in a dream. The heavy firing drew him on, just as the music of the hounds on Newfound River drew him when he was a boy. Onward he went, until he was almost amongst his own men.

Then, for the first time since he left the tent, he thought of what a daring deed he was about to do. He was a deserter, and more than that, how could he explain in a satisfactory way the death of the guard whose gun he bore? Would his comrades let him serve in his old place, or would they arrest him? The doubt alarmed him. On the skirmish line the firing was very heavy, and he knew that there the work might be full of excitement. He longed for the rush of a charge and for a hand-to-hand fight. No one among the infantry was likely to know him, and there men fought in a free and independent manner. Avoiding his own command, he went cautiously across the breastworks, and soon was beyond the main line, among the skirmishers. They were falling back slowly before an advance of the enemy. Billy pressed on to the front, and in the moonlight his tall figure was seen plainly in advance of the gray line. The soldiers near him saw that he was a new man, but they cared little for that, for they hoped this might be the first of a re-enforcing column. Steadily Billy moved on toward the enemy's line, crying as he went, "Come on, boys; let's give 'em a tussle." The men that had been retreating hesitated when they saw this strange figure with waving hat in hand beckoning them to follow. Some one caught the spirit of the moment, and echoed Billy's cry. The whole line started forward again. Ever in advance the strange figure went, crying now with the old call that every huntsman knows. Some have called it a yell, and have thought that it was begotten of rebellion; but whoever has followed the hounds on Newfound River knows the origin of that historic cry. Would this man never stop? There before him, just beyond the ditch, a heavy column of the enemy was advancing, feeling its way in the night. Now, instead of finding nothing to check its movement, it was met by a countercharge. With a fierceness that came from desperation, and from a belief that support was in the rear, the line that Billy led moved forward. They met the enemy, and for a little while held them at bay. But slowly, sullenly, and surely the gray ranks melted away, and those that were left retreated to the trenches. As these few went back they asked among themselves, "Who led the charge?" Nobody knew. An officer said: "Some fool came from our rear and raised a yell, some other fool replied, and then the whole line followed. I saw the first fool's face as the moonlight fell upon it, and it was like that of a ghost. I saw him swallowed up by the enemy as the moon went under a cloud, and then I saw him no more."

So it was said that the famous charge which stopped Grant's veterans that night was led by a ghost. No one knew that the ghost was a deserter—even Billy Hell Stanley: "and no man knoweth of his sepulchre even to this day."

James Points Nelson.

PROFESSOR G. BROWN GOODE.

Professor G. Brown Goode, who has just received from the President the appointment of Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, has been for a number of years Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. Professor Goode is thirty-six years old, having been born in New Albany, Indiana, in 1851. He received his early academic and scientific training at the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut. Showing a decided bent toward the study of natural history, he was appointed curator of the collection there. Shortly after taking his degree he became attached to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, directing his attention more particularly to ichthyology. Appreciating not alone his indefatigable industry, but also his scientific acquirements, Professor Baird at once availed himself of his services for the work of the Fish Commission. In looking over the many volumes of reports emanating from the late Commissioner, the amount of work accomplished by Professor Goode must strike any one who consults their pages. These contributions to ichthyology are not all of a purely scientific, but for a large part of a practical, character. The most thorough and exhaustive of researches ever made by any one about a special fish is that on the menhaden, due to Professor Goode, and is a model of clearness, of industry displayed in collecting the facts, and of practical usefulness. Material furnished by him for the study of the sword-fish is of equal value. In connection with Captain Collins, R. E. Earl, and A. Howard Clark, a life-history of the mackerel was prepared, which remains to-day the completest of treatises on one of the most valuable of American fishes. Professor Goode's notes on the life-history of the eel have settled all questions in regard to the peculiar habits of this fish. Thoroughly conversant with the practical working of the Fish Commission, the country has had the fullest opportunity of judging of Professor Goode's administrative powers. For the Centennial Exhibition he prepared a work to illustrate the animal resources of the United States, and to this was due the philosophical method of classification used at the exhibition, and on the basis of it all other exhibitions since then have been arranged. Having exhausted his strength in the labors necessary at present the United States in its proper light to this exhibition, he was forced to absent himself from Philadelphia on account of bad health. When the Berlin exhibition of fish and fisheries was held, Professor Goode had the American department under his charge, and he acquitted himself so well as to receive the highest praise from Germany. At the London exhibition of fisheries in 1883 he represented the United States as Commissioner there, and his ability was so conspicuous as to receive commendation from so distinguished a source as Professor Huxley. While abroad Professor Goode, for purposes of study, visited all the European museums, familiarizing himself with their structures and methods of exhibiting their collections. Appointed Assistant Director of the National Museum of the United States, to develop this great institution has for the last five years required Professor Goode's undivided attention. The amount of work accomplished here has been very great, and the results achieved are due to his untiring zeal and industry.

The position of Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries is one requiring on the part of the incumbent a thorough scientific knowledge of fish, such acquirements to be directed toward the sole end of increasing the supply of fish in American waters. It brings, without additional emolument, an increase of labor and responsibilities. Conversant with all topics relating to American fisheries, having served a long and honorable apprenticeship, the present Commissioner will carry out successfully the work originated by his distinguished predecessor, Spencer Fullerton Baird.

BISHOP W. L. HARRIS.

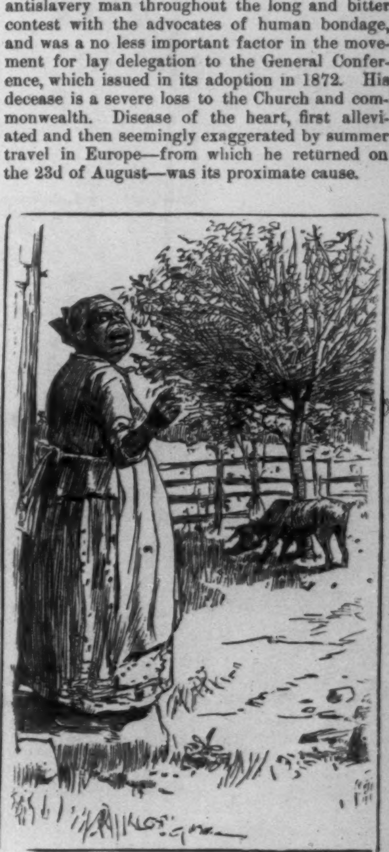
The Rev. William Logan Harris, D.D., LL.D., one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who died at his residence, No. 33 East Eighty-first Street, New York, on September 2, 1887, was born near Mansfield, Ohio, November 14, 1817. On the 10th of June, 1834, he experienced conversion to Christ, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church at a camp-meeting held in his native State. Thenceforward thought and labor were consecrated to the largest usefulness. Elementary scholastic education was supplemented by two years of earnest study, chiefly of the classical languages and mathematics, in the seminary at Norwalk, then under the care of Dr. Chaplain. In 1836 he received license to preach, and began his public ministry as a supply under the presiding elder on the Wellington circuit. During the following year he entered the Michigan Conference, which included the northern part of Ohio, and served successively on the Dover, Worcester, and Mansfield appointments. In 1840, when the North Ohio Conference was formed, Mr. Harris became a member of it, and was assigned to the Belleville, Amity, Chesterville, and Delaware charges consecutively. From the pastorate he passed in 1845 to the duties of a tutorship in the Ohio Wesleyan University, and discharged them for the ensuing twelve months. Returning to the pastoral office at Toledo in 1846, he was next stationed at Norwalk, in 1847.

In other departments of clerical activity the young itinerant was still better adapted to the achievement of large results. In 1848 he reluctantly yielded to the unanimous solicitation of his Conference to become the principal of the Baldwin Institute. Under his three years' administration the establishment prospered, and subsequently developed into the Baldwin University. Thence, in 1850, he returned to Delaware, and took charge of the academical department of the Ohio Wesleyan University. Two years after that he was elected Professor of Chemistry and Natural History, and held his chair for the eight following years, in which he also instructed classes in the Hebrew language and literature.

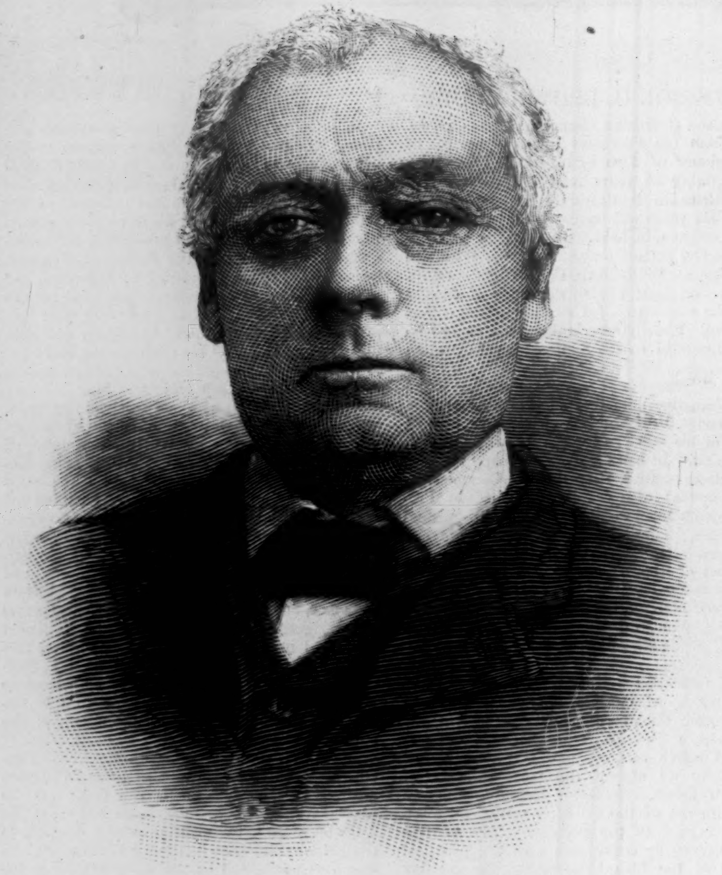
Professor Harris, who had received the diploma of Doctor of Divinity from Alleghany College in 1856, was called by the General Conference of 1860 to the post of Assistant Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society; was re-elected in 1864 and 1868, and efficiently discharged his responsible duties until 1872, when he was elected to the episcopal bench by the General Conference, assembled at Brooklyn, New York. Personal acquaintance with the world-wide field of evangelical operation, hitherto supervised from the office, now fell to his lot. To Bishop Harris was assigned the duty of visiting the Methodist Episcopal missions in Japan, China, India, Turkey, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. Sailing from San Francisco in June, 1873, he returned to New York in October, 1874, having completed the circuit of the globe. Since then Bishop Harris has officially visited the Methodist Episcopal missions in Central and South America; also those in Mexico during 1880 and 1885, organizing them into the Mexico Annual Conference on his last visit. In 1874 he represented his Church as a delegate to the British Wesleyan Methodist Conference, and was also accredited by the American Bible Society to the British and Foreign Bible Society. By both bodies he was treated with distinguished honor.

While Bishop Harris possessed extensive knowledge of theology, church history, and church polity, and while he rose to the height of eloquence under the inspiration of great themes, it was as a strong and disciplined man of affairs that he was pre-eminent. His executive abilities were of the higher order, and are truly indicated by his volume on the *Powers of the General Conference*, and also by a massive and valuable work on *Ecclesiastical Law and Rules of Evidence, with Special Reference to the Jurisprudence of the Methodist Episcopal Church*, published by him in conjunction with the Hon. William J. Henry. From 1856 to 1872 he was not only a member of the General Conference, but also the Secretary of that body. Subsequent to his episcopal ordination he officiated as Secretary to the Board of Bishops up to the time of his death. Editor of the *Discipline* of his Church from 1856 to 1884, of the *General Conference Journal* from 1856 to 1872, and of the *General Minutes* from 1856 to 1887, the degree of Doctor of Laws conferred upon him in 1870 by Baldwin University was invested with special significance.

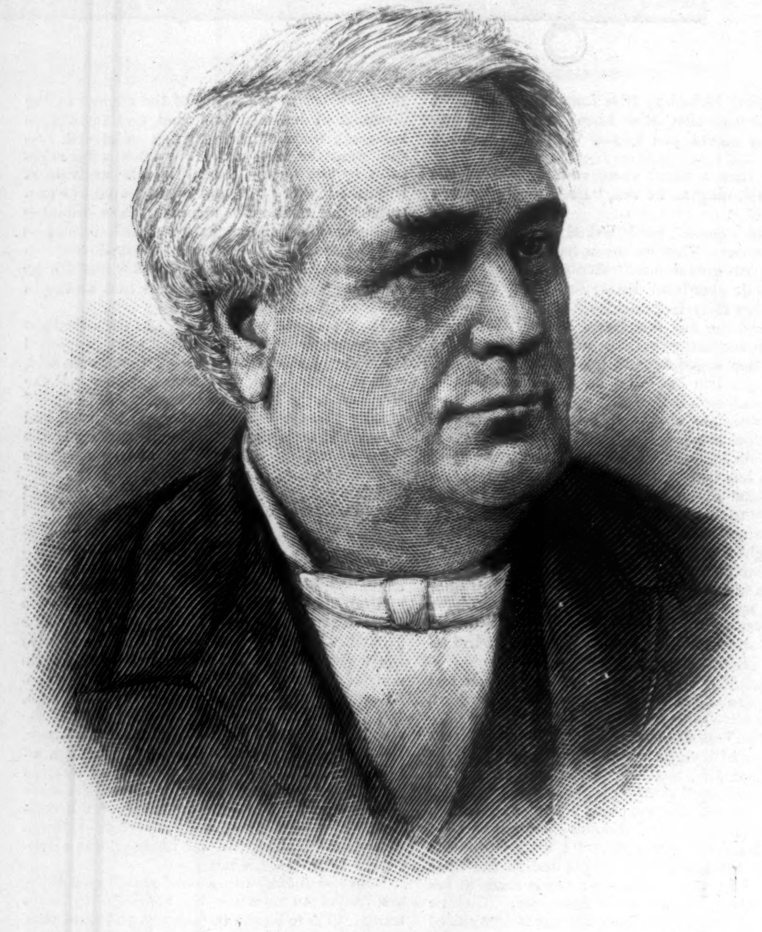
Bishop Harris was a powerful and consistent antislavery man throughout the long and bitter contest with the advocates of human bondage, and was a no less important factor in the movement for lay delegation to the General Conference, which issued in its adoption in 1872. His decease is a severe loss to the Church and commonwealth. Disease of the heart, first alleviated and then seemingly exaggerated by summer travel in Europe—from which he returned on the 23d of August—was its proximate cause.



"Hi yo', Gin'l, come out hyuh an' run dis Pig off—he scratchin' all dem Plums off'n dat Blue Damsel Tree!"



WALTER B. BROOKS, REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR OF MARYLAND.



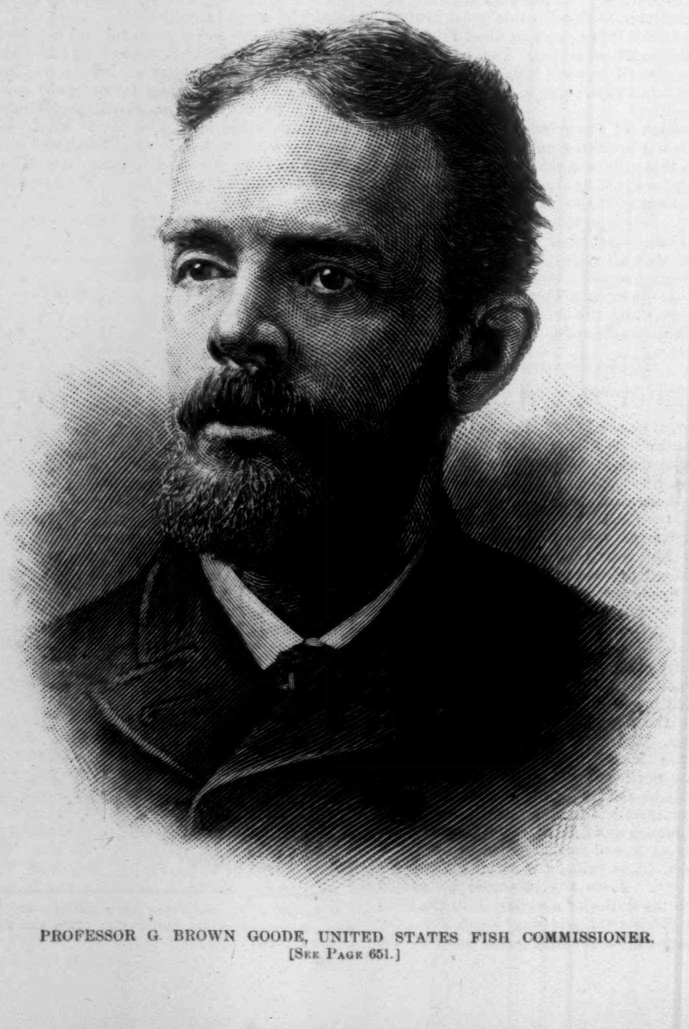
THE LATE BISHOP WILLIAM LOGAN HARRIS, OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—[See Page 651.]

THE CANDIDATE OF THE MARYLAND INDEPENDENTS.

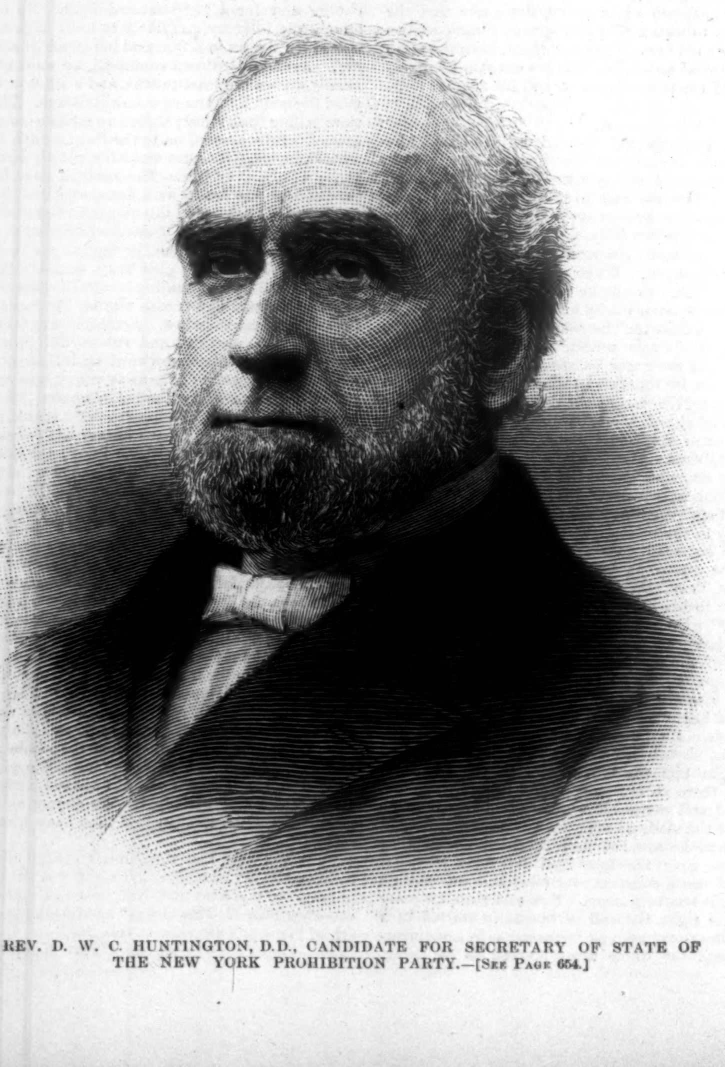
Walter B. Brooks, whom the Republicans of Maryland nominated for Governor at their Convention in Baltimore on August 24, is a native of Baltimore, and a son of the late Chauncey Brooks. Chauncey Brooks was for many years one of the best known, most influential, and most public-spirited citizens of Baltimore. From 1812 until the time of his death all his life was passed there, and he is now ranked with those courageous and far-sighted merchants to whom the present commercial prosperity of the city is due. Along with General Walter Booth he in early life engaged in the wholesale dry-goods trade, and accumulated a fortune, and before he died he is said to have supplied the capital for more than thirty commercial enterprises. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is much indebted to him; when in a state of approaching bankruptcy it was Mr. Brooks and Johns Hopkins, the founder of the well-known university, who came forward with their individual fortunes to relieve the road from its serious difficulties.

Walter B. Brooks is now sixty-two years of age. He was graduated at Princeton College, and then employed in his father's wholesale house, being afterward admitted as a partner. Until the outbreak of the war the firm continued to do a prosperous business. For a year or more after 1861 Mr. Brooks resided in Ohio, while superintending important business interests in that State. He had already become a director in the Central Ohio Railroad Company. After the war he resumed his interest in commercial enterprises in Baltimore, and was finally chosen President of the Canton Company, and under his careful management the stock of this company was advanced from fourteen dollars a share to sixty. It is also recorded of Mr. Brooks that when he was chosen President of the Merchants' Club the institution was about to be sold at auction, but through his guidance it was made to flourish and prosper. He is a director in several banks, and has served successfully and very creditably as the assignee of prominent insolvent houses.

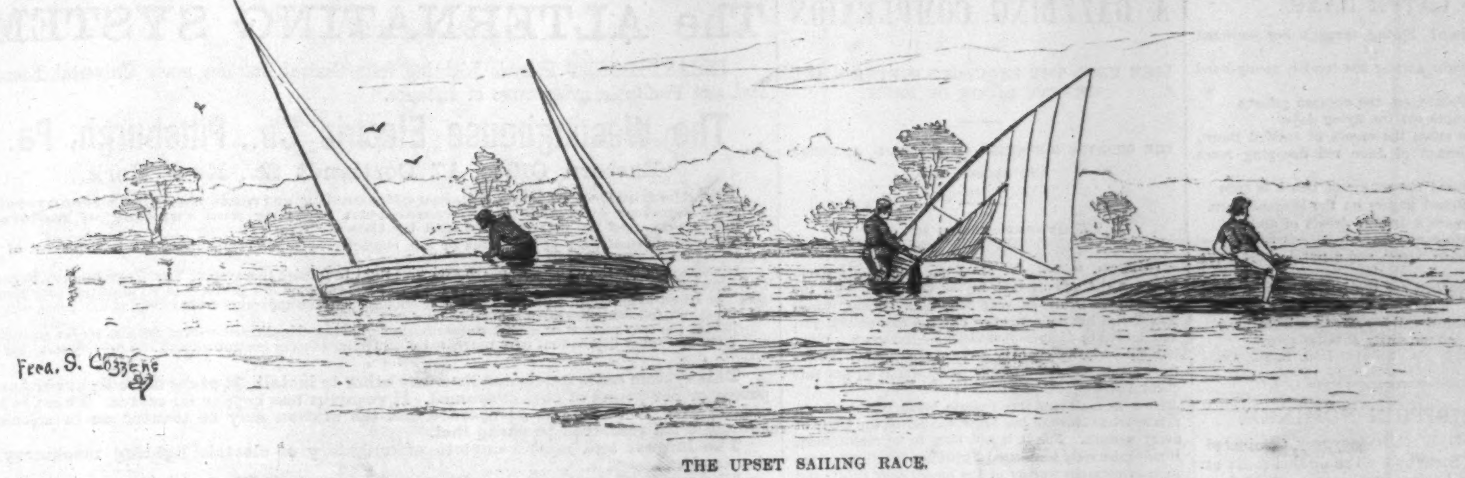
The nomination of Mr. Brooks was made by acclamation, and the Republicans of Maryland have hopes that they will elect him. The political situation in Maryland is this year peculiar. The Democrats are not united, and there is a strong organization, known as the Citizens' Reform League, in revolt against the Gorman management. The leader of this Reform League made a speech in the Republican Convention, and assured his hearers that every independent Democrat in the State would support the ticket. Among other things which this gentleman, John K. Cowan, said was this: "The platform recently adopted by the Maryland Democrats flies in the teeth of the national Democratic platform, and violates every pledge made by President Cleveland. So that, as a party man, I stamp upon that platform and spit upon it."



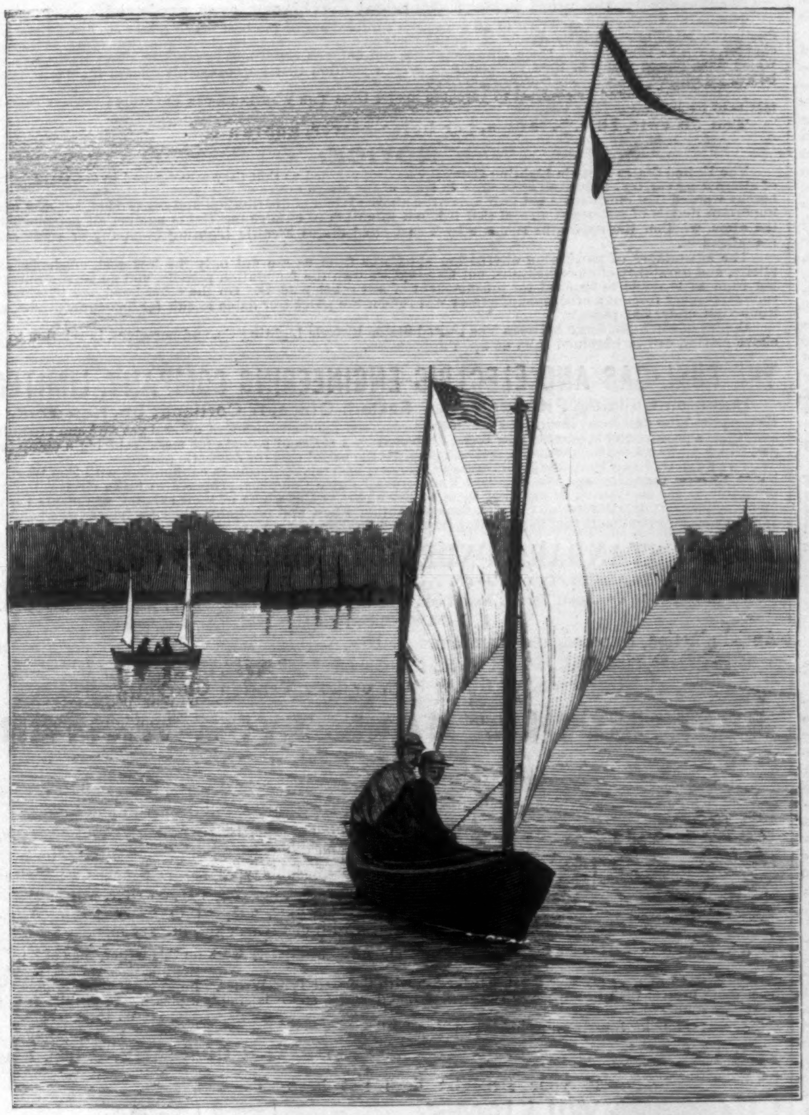
PROFESSOR G. BROWN GOODE, UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSIONER.
[See Page 651.]



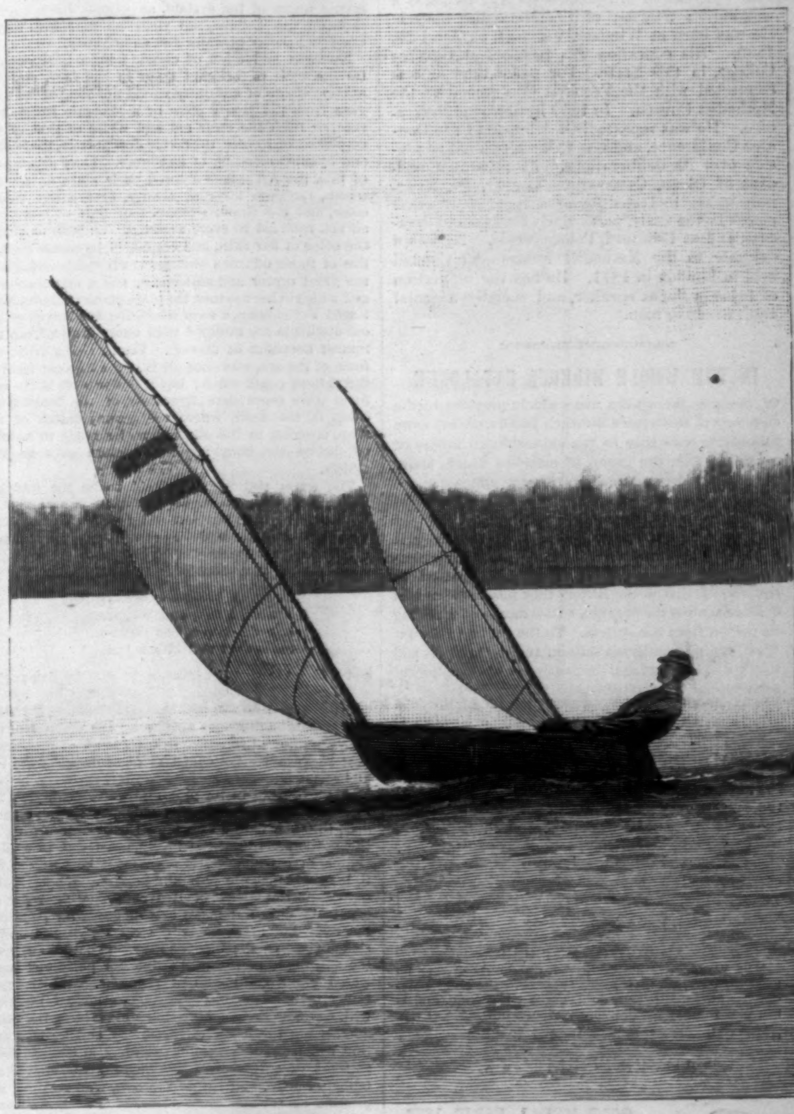
REV. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON, D.D., CANDIDATE FOR SECRETARY OF STATE OF THE NEW YORK PROHIBITION PARTY.—[See Page 654.]


Fred. S. Cozzens
87

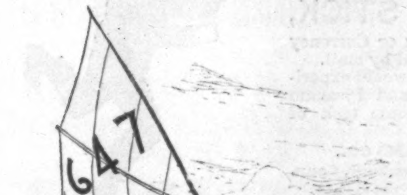
THE UPSET SAILING RACE.



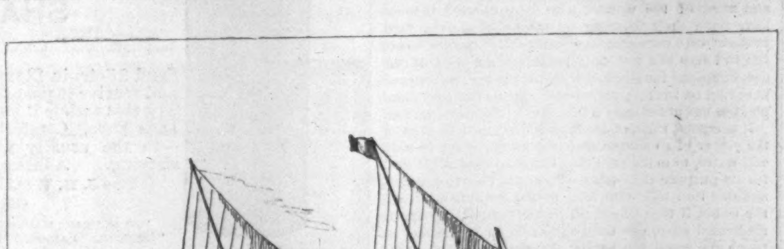
S. R. STODDARD'S CRUISING CANOE "ATLANTIS."



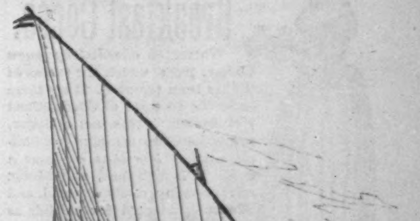
R. W. GIBSON OF ALBANY, WINNER OF THE TROPHY IN THE CANOE "NOTUS."


647
Fred. S. Cozzens
87

THE "PECOWSIC," A WINNER OF TWO RACES.


Fred. S. Cozzens
87

THE VETERAN COOK'S CANOE, THE "CARRIER PIGEON."


Fred. S. Cozzens
87

THE "BLANCH," OWNED BY PAUL BUTLER, OF LOWELL.

THE ANNUAL MEET OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.—[See Page 647.]

IN LATER DAYS.

Swift-winged time! Spring, through her sheltered ways,
Doth scarce begin among the tender, young-hued leaves
To sing her jubilate, ere the autumn grieves
In low-keyed minors for the dying days.
Scarce, scarce we catch the breath of budded thorn,
Or from the breast of June red drooping roses glean,
Before the silvered messenger of Death is seen
Pressing his whitened fingers on the lowland corn.
And while we weave a drowsy dream of spring,
A dream enfolding new-born buds and birds,
Young leaves burn hectic, and a purple mist swift girds
The hills, and vanished are the birds on full-fledged wing.
Spring's warm-hued tulips scarce begin to glow
E'er o'er them winter softly sifts its snow.

Lucy E. Tilley.

A PROHIBITION NOMINEE.

The Rev. Dr. D. W. C. Huntington, nominated for Secretary of State by the Prohibition party at their Convention in Syracuse on August 26, is a well-known minister of the Methodist Church. He was born at Windsor, Vermont, on April 27, 1830. His education was received at Genesee College, in this State. For some time he was connected with the Vermont Conference of the Methodist Church. In 1857 he removed to Genesee. He was repeatedly a delegate to the Genesee Conference, and was twice appointed to preside over its deliberations. At present a resident of Olean, Cattaraugus County, Dr. Huntington has had charges at a number of other places in the State, particularly Buffalo and Syracuse, and at Bradford, Pennsylvania. He was a delegate to the Methodist Ecumenical Council held in London in 1871. He has the reputation of being a fluent speaker, and socially a genial and attractive man.

IN THE WHOLE HIDEOUS CATALOGUE

Of diseases, there were none which, previous to the discovery of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, offered more formidable resistance to the old-fashioned modes of treatment than the group of maladies which, under the collective name of malarial disease, afflicted entire communities that suffered hopelessly. Chills and fever, dumb ague, ague cake, and bilious remittent were once regarded as well-nigh incurable. Now it rejoices the hearts of thousands who reside in districts periodically subject to the visitation of malaria to feel certain that in the Bitters they possess a certain defence against the scourge, a sure means of expelling its poison from the system. To the settler in the far West, the new emigrant thither, and to travellers and tourists by land and sea, the possession of this pleasant safeguard is a guarantee of safety from diseases which they might vainly seek from any other source.—[*Adv.*]

GOOD TENNIS AT NEWPORT.

It was noticed that the five crack players at the recent Newport Tournament were all using the celebrated "Beeckman" Racket, manufactured by Peck & Snyder, 126 Nassau St., N. Y. Peck & Snyder send Photographs, in playing costume, of the above five players, with complete Tennis rules, on receipt of 10c. stamps.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Lactated
Food
FOR
INFANTS AND INVALIDS

THE MOST PALATABLE FOOD!
THE MOST NUTRITIOUS FOOD!
THE MOST DIGESTIBLE FOOD!
THE MOST ECONOMICAL FOOD!

25c., 50c., $1.—At Druggists.—Ill'd Pamphlet free.
Wells & Richardson Co., Burlington, Vt.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
59 WALL STREET, N. Y.
Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.

A DAZZLING COMPLEXION

LIKE UNTO THE EXQUISITE SOFTNESS AND VELVETY BLOOM OF FRUIT.

THE ODOROUS OINTMENTS OF ÆSCHINES, AMBROSIA AND SACRED OILS.

> "What complexion is she of?"
> *Comedy of Errors.*

Disraeli, telling the story of Ixion in heaven, pictures the god of love in his encounter with the King of Thessaly as very fair, with cheeks tinged with a rich but delicate glow like the rose of twilight, and lighted by dimples that twinkled like stars. What better description could be given of the skin of a beautiful woman, and "the purple pride which on her soft cheek for complexion dwells"?

How to maintain this roseate blush of the cheek, this spotless ivory of the brow, should be the study of every woman. For it is not only to be maintained, it may positively be created by proper treatment of the skin—treatment worthy of the finest, most subtle and elastic organ of the system, an organ which resents artificial applications, but yields all its charm to the clarifying power of water and choice soap.

No strict perfection of classic feature compensates for the want of brilliant color in the face, and the noblest statue of antiquity would not long attract the gaze from the pearly glow of a Madame Recamier's skin, or from the clear red and white of that of the empresses of France, the creole Josephine's, the Scotch and Spanish blending of Eugénie's. Long ago, aware of this, the Athenians colored their statues; for the Greek, the pure lover of beauty, everywhere valued color, and the Greek woman, that type of beauty in all art, resorted to every secret of the bath to enrich the color of her skin, and employed immense quantities of those odorous ointments of which Æschines, the great orator and statesman, was a manufacturer, and which in her use took the place of our Cuticura Medicated Toilet Soap, a soap where the fine forces of the old unguents are mingled with odors drawn from the inmost nectaries of flowers. Venus, rising from the foam of the sea, was once all that the highest ideal of the painter could reach; but it is doubtful if the sea-foam were more than figurative of the beautifying effect of the bath, where the creamy lather of the soap, cleaving to the oily impurities ready to be cast off, leaves the body fair and smooth as a healthy child's.

The warm tint which is said to be the undying beauty of the high-born English dame is obtained by the use of nothing but soft water with this delicately medicated toilet soap. For although the "sweet coffer" was a necessity of the dressing-table of her ancestress, so that the wits exclaimed,

> "Bring, O bring the essence-pot,
> Amber, musk, and bergamot,
> Eau de chipre, eau de luce,
> Sanspareil and citron juice,"

yet to-day the chemist has taught that by dispensing with those ruinous washes and cosmetics, and by employing a soap whose innocent fragrance is enchanting, and through whose agency all the vesicles of the skin are allowed free play in their work of producing that fresh loveliness which at once delights the eye and seems typical of an inner purity, there can be had a skin exquisite in its pink-and-white beauty as the hues of Dresden china—that china, by singular paradox, into the flames of whose furnace, according to the old superstition, the lovely pearl and rose of a child's, or a young girl's, flesh must be cast ere the tints could come out pure and perfect. When Homer represents the Queen of Heaven preparing for conquest, she does not make herself gay with painting, but upon her lovely body she casts ambrosia and a rich and sacred oil; that is to say, she bathes and uses the substitute of the poet's time for perfumed soap, which was a compound of rich oils, ambrosial perfumes, and medicating substances, almost identical with Cuticura Soap, and capable of cleansing the pores and setting the blood in that quick and healthy motion which produces color, sparkle, and the exquisite softness of surface comparable only to the velvety bloom of fruit. Ninon de l'Enclos, who retained her pristine charm at ninety, never, it is said, used anything but soap and water to preserve it; nor did Diane de Poictiers, who held a king half her age in thrall; and most of the women who have dazzled thrones have done their dazzling by means of a skin kept brilliant with pure soap and water alone—a skin where the full free life not only reddened the oval of the cheek, but fed the gentle fire behind the eye, and burned in scarlet on the lip; for whoever has a clear rosy complexion has unfailingly a bright eye and a red lip, too.

It becomes, then, of the first importance, in view of the power of so simple and easy an appliance as soap and water, to make sure that the soap used is the best for its purpose that science has been able to procure, and one that will even lend its aid towards softening the water, if that be not all that is desired, a properly medicated soap, not only agreeable to the senses of touch and smell, but having also the detergent quality which invigorates the skin, urging the outlet of every gland to activity, and calling upon each vessel to bring its best and freshest blood to the surface. From the use of such a soap nothing can result but that swift circulation of pure blood which makes a rich stain of color upon cheek and chin, and leaves everywhere else a milky purity. This peerless complexion is to be secured in no other way; and a medicated soap, into which no unwholesome ingredient enters, is nowhere to be had in such perfection as that offered by the Cuticura Medicated Toilet Soap, in which the healing power of Cuticura itself combines with the emollient and lubricating action of a perfect soap, so invigorating the glands of the skin that they cast out through the pores and ducts all the refuse which if retained produces disease, and which if removed assures the beauty of health and purity. No corrosive or caustic substance, no metallic, mineral, or vegetable poison, is contained in the Cuticura Soap; but chemical science has wrought its wonder here by thoroughly innocent methods. Blotches or pimples, eruptions, scurf, or rashes are hardly possible where the Cuticura Soap is in daily use; no tan, sunburn, or discoloration can long withstand it; it eradicates gently and permanently nearly every complexional defect, removes the source of many disfiguring humors, leaves the skin without blemish, and purifies and beautifies the whole exterior. Every woman who employs it may do so with advantage, finding in its use a worthy rival of that bloom of youth which, in the old myth, Medea gave her patients by plunging them in her boiling caldron with strange herbs and incantations, a myth doubtless to be interpreted as a series of baths where the witch used the best cleansing and purifying agents of her time.

The ALTERNATING SYSTEM.

INCANDESCENT Electric Lighting from Central Stations made Universal, Economical, and Profitable, irrespective of distance.

The Westinghouse Electric Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Eastern Office, 17 Cortlandt St., New York.

The distribution of high tension alternating currents and their reconversion to low tension currents for incandescent lighting and running of motors, is broadly covered by patents owned by this Company.

The unauthorized offer of apparatus of this character by other companies is an infringement of our patent rights.

Notwithstanding the ownership of the exclusive right to furnish this system, The Westinghouse Electric Company proposes to sell its apparatus on such terms and for such low prices, that no intending purchaser or user can afford to entertain a proposition for alternating current apparatus from others at any price, with the attendant risk following the infringement of its rights.

This is the only method of electrical distribution avoiding complicated wiring, feeders, feeder regulators, and numerous other details that have prevented commercial success heretofore, and the only system that can displace gas.

This system costs much less than any other to install. It gives more light per horse-power or per pound of coal consumed. It requires less copper for mains. There is less risk of fire. It costs less to operate, and the station may be located on inexpensive ground with reference to cheap fuel.

The largest and most complete manufactory of electric lighting machinery in the country.

The most efficient and durable lamps in the market.

Mechanically the most perfect electrical machinery ever produced.

The workmanship and materials of all apparatus supplied are of the best. The prices are based upon production in large quantities by means of special tools and machinery; and the elimination of all extraneous charges, such as commissions, stock considerations, and onerous conditions exacted by other companies, and which have placed many of their customers in such a position that improvements offered by others cannot be availed of.

No licensee is bound by contract to purchase longer from The Westinghouse Electric Company than the merits of its apparatus fully justifies.

Ten 50 volt, 16 c. p. lamps, per horse-power, guaranteed.

NOTICE.

The United States Electric Lighting Company having notified us that they are engaged in the manufacture of alternating currrent induction apparatus, in spite of the above notice of our patented rights, all persons are hereby warned that our patents not only cover the above system of distribution and conversion, but also many important details of construction, and that it is our intention to enforce our rights against all persons using the same, whether the apparatus is made by The United States Electric Lighting Company or some other manufacturer.

The advantages of purchasing alternating apparatus from us are not only the low cost, efficiency, simplicity, and durability of our apparatus, but also that we own the foundation patents, and no person purchasing from us is liable to be sued for infringement of any other patents. On the other hand, the purchase of such machinery from any other manufacturer will render the purchaser liable to suit for damages, profits, and injunction under our patents.

Copies of correspondence between The United States Electric Lighting Co. and ourselves, in relation to the above matter, can be obtained from us upon application.

THE FUEL-GAS AND ELECTRIC ENGINEERING COMPANY, LIMITED,

Hamilton Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. Eastern Office, 17 Cortlandt St., New York,

Has acquired the numerous inventions which have rendered the distribution of natural gas safe and profitable, and it has a process and apparatus now being protected by a series of patents for manufacturing a cheap fuel-gas, which meets all the requirements, and will displace the use of coal for domestic purposes.

The Fuel-Gas and Electric Engineering Company, Limited, operating in conjunction with The Westinghouse Electric Company and the Standard Underground Cable Company, proposes to make electric lighting profitable to gas companies, by enabling them to use a part or the whole of their existing gas plants for the manufacture and distribution of fuel-gas, thus promoting a new and profitable business instead of rendering valueless large investments that have already been made in illuminating gas plants.

THE STANDARD UNDERGROUND CABLE COMPANY,

HAMILTON BUILDING, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Eastern Office, 16 Cortlandt Street, New York. Western Office, 139 E. Madison St., Chicago.

MANUFACTURERS OF

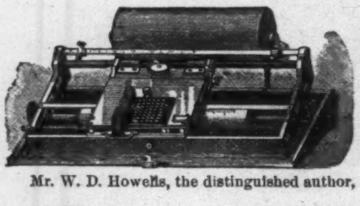
Anti-Induction, Bunched, and Compound Cables, and Insulated Wire of all descriptions.

UNDERGROUND, SUBMARINE, AND AERIAL, FOR ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER, TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE.

Warranted for Either High or Low Tension Currents.

NEW MODEL HALL TYPE-WRITER.

PRICE, $40.



Awarded Medals of Superiority over all its competitors by leading Institutes in America and Europe.

Guaranteed to do better work, and a greater variety, than any other type-writer in the world.

Interchangeable types, in all languages, $1 per font. Business houses, desiring a type-writer, will find this a practical machine, adapted to every want. Also, a favorite with clergymen and literary men.

Mr. W. D. Howells, the distinguished author, who does all his literary work on this writer, says of it:

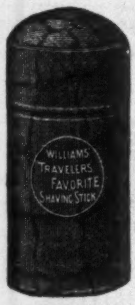
"Boston, *November* 8, 1886.

"I wish to express my very great satisfaction with the Hall Type-Writer. Impression and alignment are both more perfect than in any other type-writer that I know, and it is simply a pleasure to use it. It is delightfully simple and manageable.

W. D. Howells."

Agents wanted. Illustrated pamphlets, with price-list, free.

HALL TYPE-WRITER COMPANY, Salem, Mass.



If your Druggist does not keep

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK,

Send 25cts. in Stamps or Currency and receive it post-paid by mail. Try this article if you would experience Ease, Comfort and Pleasure—in the usually irksome task of shaving. Address.

The J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,
Glastonbury, Conn.

FOR 50 YEARS MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS "Genuine Yankeee Shaving Soap."

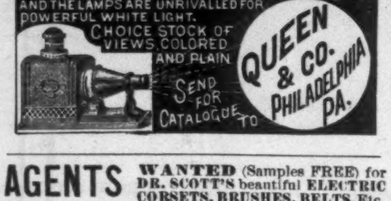
J.B.WILLIAMS Co.
GLASTONBURY
CT.

STATEN ISLAND

Fancy Dyeing Establishment.

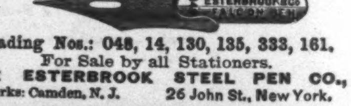
BARRETT, NEPHEWS, & CO.,
5 AND 7 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

DYE, CLEAN, and REFINISH DRESS GOODS and Garments without ripping. Send for Circular and Price-list.


MAGIC LANTERNS.
OUR PETROLEUM LANTERNS HAVE THE FINEST LENSES AND THE LAMPS ARE UNRIVALLED FOR POWERFUL WHITE LIGHT.
CHOICE STOCK OF VIEWS, COLORED AND PLAIN
SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO
QUEEN & CO. PHILADELPHIA PA.

AGENTS WANTED (Samples FREE) for DR. SCOTT'S beautiful ELECTRIC CORSETS, BRUSHES, BELTS, Etc. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. Dr. SCOTT, 843 B'way, N. Y.

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS.



Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 135, 333, 161.
For Sale by all Stationers.
THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,
Works: Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

MIGHTY FUNNY—AGENTS WANTED

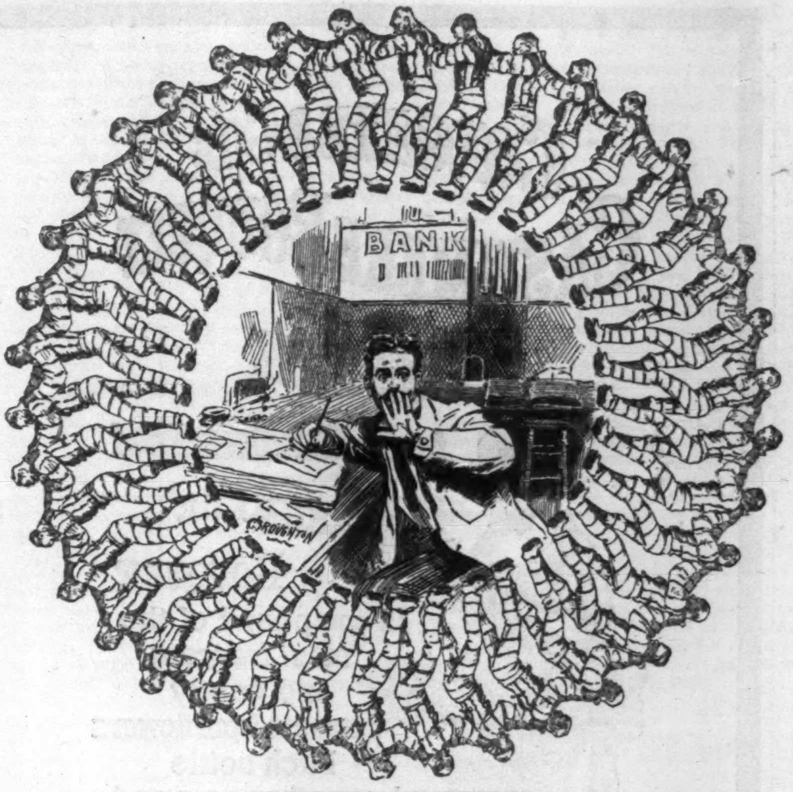
SAMANTHA AT SARATOGA

By JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

Funny Hits! Funny Cuts! SELLS like Fun!!

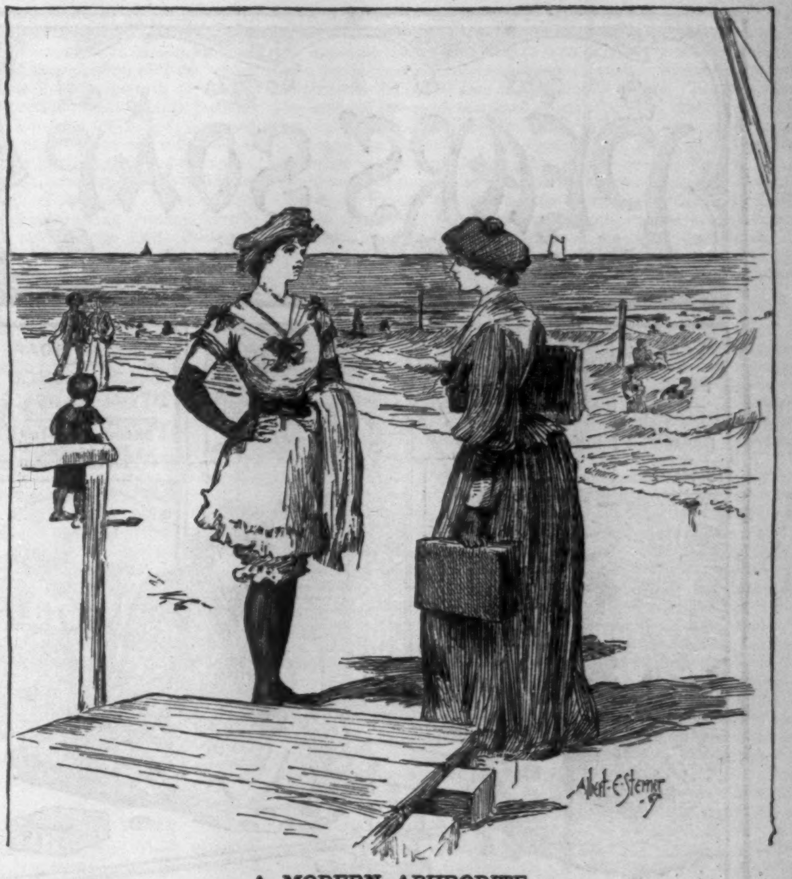
SEE the SPLENDID SUCCESS of AGENTS! One made a Profit First 3 Weeks of $138!; One First 6 Days $94.50!; One First 10 Days $145!!; One First 3 Days $26.50! One First 3 Weeks $103.50!!; Making a Clean Profit in 7 Weeks Work of $500!!!.

It takes off **Saratoga** *follies, flirtations*, low necks, *dudes, pug dogs*, etc., in the author's inimitable *mirth-provoking* style. The (100) pictures by "Opper" are "*just killing.*" People crazy to get it. **Agents** are making $50 to $75 a week. Price $2.50. AGENTS WANTED. Apply to **HUBBARD BROS.** (E) Philada. or Kansas City.



FEMININE (?) INFLUENCE.

A sudden thought of Auburn locks enables cashier Brown to resist temptation.

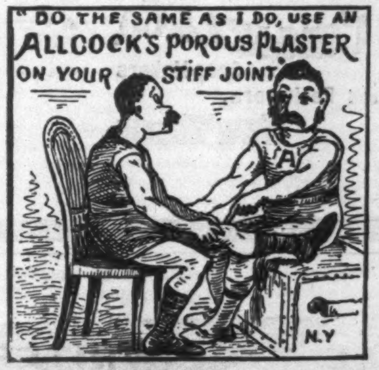


A MODERN APHRODITE.

CARRIE. "I have had such a delicious hour! It makes one feel as gay and free as a child to run about the sands."

MINNIE. "How is that? You have not been in the water at all; your suit is perfectly dry."

CARRIE. "Oh! as for that, I rarely go in. I hate the water, and the wet, sticky feeling one has; and, besides, it takes all the prettiness out of one's suit, and makes one look drabbled and unattractive."



JAMES ROBINSON, *Athletic Trainer at Princeton College, writes:*

PRINCETON, N. J., *Jan.* 21st, 1886.

"I have found it imperative to have sure and simple remedies on hand in case of cuts, bruises, strains, sprains, colds, rheumatism, etc. I discovered such a remedy in ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. They give almost instantaneous relief, and their strengthening power is remarkable."

S. BISHOP MARKS, *Secretary of the Olympic Athletic Club, writes:*

NEW YORK, *May* 19th, 1886.

"Having had a severe strain of an important muscle, and desiring to run in a series of athletic games, I successfully used an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER as a binder, and with great relief to the parts affected. I can highly recommend them to all athletes."

J. J. McDERMOTT, *Lieut.-Captain Olympic Athletic Club, writes:*

NEW YORK, *May* 20th, 1886.

"For strained muscles, sprains, bruises, and external applications generally, I find nothing better than ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS."

REGISTERED **"SANITAS"** TRADEMARK

The GREAT ENGLISH DISINFECTANT.

The First Requisite in all Dwellings.

The most POWERFUL and PLEASANT of all PREPARATIONS in use.

Fragrant, Non-poisonous, does not stain Linen.

"SANITAS" Disinfecting Fluid, for sprinkling about rooms, disinfecting linen, and general house use.

"SANITAS" Disinfecting Powder, a powerful and pleasant preparation for stables, kennels, ashbins, &c.

"SANITAS" Crude Disinfecting Fluid, a concentrated form of "Sanitas," to be diluted with water for flushing drains, &c.

"SANITAS" Disinfecting Oil, for fumigating sick rooms, treatment of throat complaints, rheumatism and ringworm.

"Sanitas" Disinfecting Toilet and Laundry Soaps, &c., &c.

THE REGULAR USE OF

"SANITAS," THE BEST DISINFECTANT, and Deodorant, is a sure preventive of all contagious and infectious diseases. It is invaluable in the sick room.

"A PEOPLE'S HEALTH IS A NATION'S WEALTH."

"SANITAS" IS NATURE'S DISINFECTANT.

To be had of all Druggists and of the

American & Continental "Sanitas" Co., Ltd.,

636–642 West 55th street, N. Y. city.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horses' feet. Write BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER Co., Holly, Mich.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. For Improved and Economic Cookery.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Only sort guaranteed GENUINE by Baron Liebig.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. The Finest Meat-flavoring Stock. USE it for Soups, Sauces, and Made Dishes.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Efficient TONIC in all cases of Weakness and Digestive Disorders.

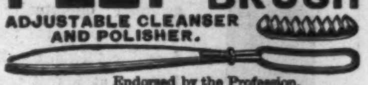
LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. Highly recommended as a Nightcap instead of alcoholic drinks.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. GENUINE ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in blue ink across label.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole agents for the United States (wholesale only). C. David & Co., 9 Fenchurch Avenue, London, England. Sold wholesale in New York by JAMES P. SMITH, PARK & TILFORD, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, THURBER, WHYLAND, & CO., FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & CO., CHAS. N. CRITTENTON, W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO., BOGLE & LYLES.

FELT TOOTH BRUSH

ADJUSTABLE CLEANSER AND POLISHER.



Endorsed by the Profession.

Has the following advantages over the old bristle Tooth Brush: **More Cleanly, Perfect Polisher. No Loose Bristles. Non-irritating to the Gums. Powdered Ready for use.**

For sale by all dealers in toilet articles, or by mail for 60c. by THE HORSEY M'F'G CO., Utica, N.Y.

ESTABLISHED 1801.

BENT & CO.'S

Celebrated Hand-Made

WATER CRACKERS.

GUARANTEED

Easy of Digestion, Absolutely Pure.

BENT & CO., Milton, Mass.

HOP OINTMENT

WHITENS the SKIN.

Cures and Removes Tan, Sunburn, Bee Stings, Mosquito and All Insect Bites, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, Humors, Birth-marks, and every form of skin blemishes, positively cured on the most delicate skin without leaving a scar, by Hop Ointment. Price 25cts., 50cts. and $1. At druggists or by mail. The Hop Pill Man'f'g Co., New London, Conn. Little Hop Pills for sick-headache, dyspepsia, biliousness and constipation have no equal. 25c.

A SURE CURE FOR CORNS

One application of Verg's Corn Remedy made before going to bed, will relieve pain by morning. A few days' application will cure the corn without the slightest pain. Send Ten Cents in silver. For sale only by the

VERG MEDICINE COMPANY,
6 EAST BROAD ST., COLUMBUS, O.

YOU HAVE DOUBTLESS TRIED

WILBUR'S COCOA-THETA

THEN WHY NOT TRY

WILBUR'S BAKING CHOCOLATE,
CARACAS CHOCOLATE,
BREAKFAST COCOA,
and other preparations.

H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Chocolate Manuf'r's., Philadelphia, Pa.

How to Cure Skin & Scalp Diseases with the CUTICURA REMEDIES

TORTURING, DISFIGURING, ITCHING, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of disease-sustaining elements, and thus removes the *cause.*

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays itching and inflammation, clears the skin and scalp of crusts, scales, and sores, and restores the hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, is indispensable in treating skin diseases, baby humors, skin blemishes, chapped and oily skin. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the great skin beautifiers.

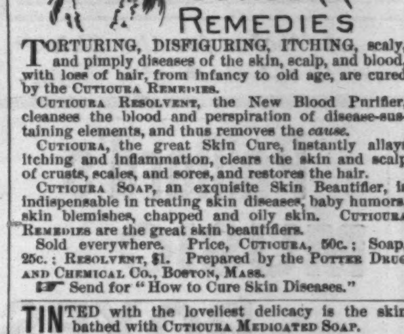
Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

TINTED with the loveliest delicacy is the skin bathed with CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

Dr. WARNER'S Health Underwear,

MADE OF TWO QUALITIES,
Selected CAMEL'S HAIR and
Pure NATURAL WOOL.



Five Reasons for Wearing the Health Underwear.

1st. Camel's Hair and Wool are twice as warm as the same weight of Cotton or Linen.

2d. They protect the body against excessive heat and against drafts and sudden changes of temperature.

3d. They are an important protection against colds, catarrh, consumption, neuralgia, rheumatism and malaria.

4th. They cannot crock, fade or poison the skin, as they are *natural colors* and contain no dyes.

5th. The Camel's Hair is warranted to wash without shrinking.

Manufactured in all styles of Gentlemen's, Ladies' and Children's Underwear and Night Shirts.

FOR SALE BY LEADING MERCHANTS.

Catalogue with Prices sent on application.

WARNER BROS., 359 Broadway, N. Y.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

The Best Cure for Coughs, Weak Lungs, Asthma, Indigestion, Inward Pains, Exhaustion. Combining the most valuable medicines with Jamacia Ginger, it exerts a curative power over disease unknown to other remedies. Weak Lungs, Rheumatism, Female Complaints, and the distressing ills of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are dragging thousands to the grave who would recover their health by the timely use of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. It is new life and strength to the aged 50c. at Druggists Hiscox & Co., 163 William Street, N. Y.

NEW BOOKS.

I.

HAGGARD'S NEW STORY.

ALLAN QUATERMAIN: being an Account of his further Adventures and Discoveries in Company with Sir Henry Curtis, Bart., Commander John Good, R.N., and one Umslopogaas. By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Copiously Illustrated. 16mo, Half Cloth, 75 cents; Paper, 25 cents. *Authorized Edition.*

H. RIDER HAGGARD'S WORKS:

Authorized Library Edition. 6 volumes, 16mo, Half Cloth, 75 cents each. "Allan Quatermain," Illustrated; "She," Illustrated; "King Solomon's Mines;" "Jess;" "Dawn;" "The Witch's Head."

II.

HORSEMANSHIP FOR WOMEN.

HORSEMANSHIP FOR WOMEN. By THEODORE H. MEAD. With 41 Illustrations by GRAY PARKER. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1.25.

III.

A TALE OF MOUNT DESERT.

BAR HARBOR DAYS. By Mrs. BURTON HARRISON, Author of "Golden Rod: an Idyl of Mt. Desert," "Helen Troy," &c. Illustrated by HARRY FENN and W. H. HYDE. 16mo, Ornamental Cloth, $1.25.

IV.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

THEIR PILGRIMAGE. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Richly Illustrated by C. S. REINHART. Post 8vo, Half Leather, $2.00.

V.

TOLSTOÏ'S SEBASTOPOL.

SEBASTOPOL. By Count LEO TOLSTOÏ. Translated by F. D. MILLET. With Introduction by W. D. HOWELLS. With Portrait. 16mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

VI.

GREEN MOUNTAIN STORIES.

A HUMBLE ROMANCE, AND OTHER STORIES. By MARY E. WILKINS. 16mo, Ornamental Cloth, $1.25.

VII.

BLACKMORE'S SPRINGHAVEN.

SPRINGHAVEN. A Tale of the Great War. By R. D. BLACKMORE, Author of "Lorna Doone," &c. Illustrated by ALFRED PARSONS and F. BARNARD. 12mo, Cloth, $1.50.

VIII.

VICTOR HUGO'S SKETCHES.

THINGS SEEN. By VICTOR HUGO. With Portrait. 16mo, Half Cloth, 75 cents.

IX.

CÉLIÈRE'S LAST WORK.

THE STARTLING EXPLOITS OF DR. J. B. QUIÈS. From the French of PAUL CÉLIÈRE. By Mrs. CASHEL HOEY and Mr. JOHN LILLIE. Profusely Illustrated. Crown 8vo, Extra Cloth, $1.75.

X.

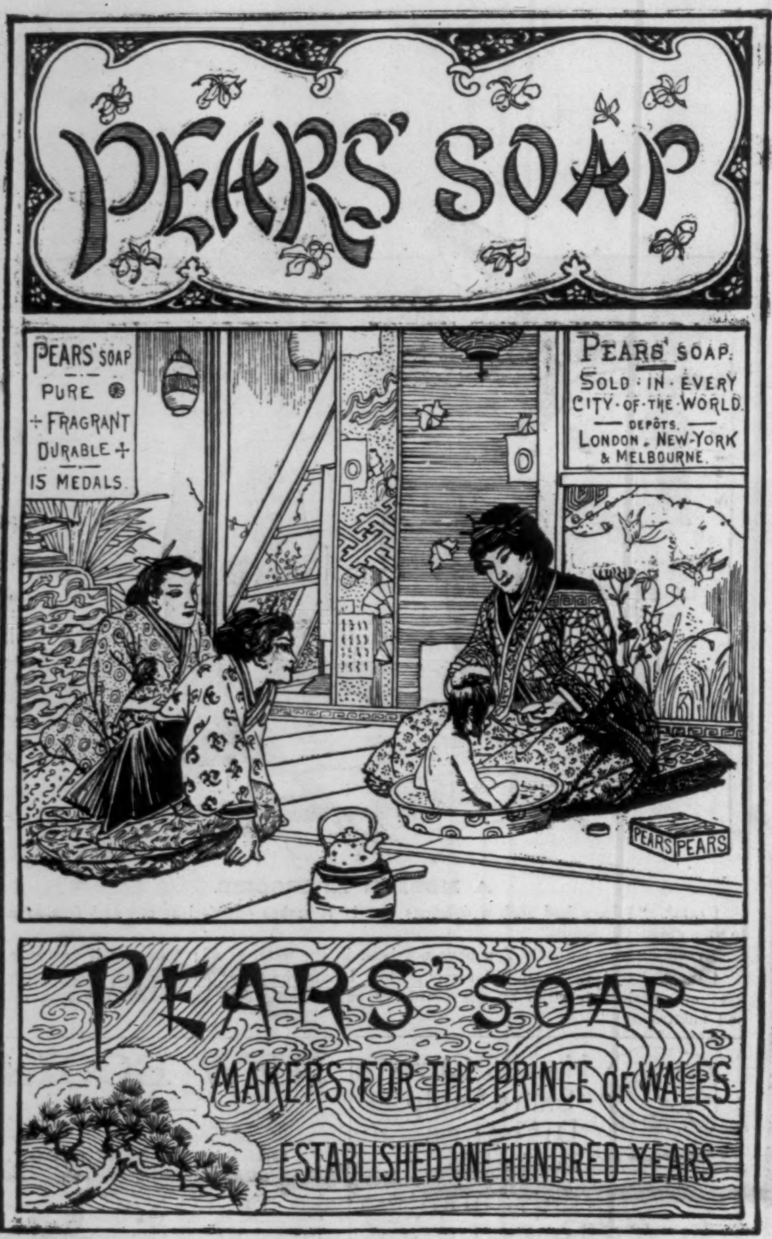
WILLIAM BLACK'S LAST STORY.

SABINA ZEMBRA. A Novel. By WILLIAM BLACK, Author of "A Princess of Thule," &c. 12mo, Cloth, $1.25. In Harper's Library Edition of William Black's Novels.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by HARPER & BROTHERS, *postpaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

HARPER & BROTHERS' CATALOGUE *sent on receipt of Ten Cents postage.*


PEARS' SOAP
PEARS' SOAP
PURE
FRAGRANT
DURABLE
15 MEDALS.
PEARS' SOAP.
SOLD IN EVERY CITY OF THE WORLD.
DEPÔTS.
LONDON, NEW-YORK & MELBOURNE.
PEARS PEARS
PEARS' SOAP
MAKERS FOR THE PRINCE of WALES
ESTABLISHED ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

The best for the Complexion. A "balm for the Skin."
The most economical; it wears to thinness of a wafer.

APOLLINARIS
THE QUEEN
OF TABLE WATERS.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

TARRANT'S
SELTZER
APERIENT
TRADE MARK REGISTERED.
NATURE'S REMEDY
FOR
Disordered Stomach,
Impaired Digestion,
Constipated Habit.
A Remedy which quickly charms
The Infant in the mother's arms,
While drooping age will strive to drain
Each drop the goblet does contain.
This **EFFERVESCING SELTZER** fine
A blessing proves to me and mine.

HARTSHORN'S
Shade Rollers ARE THE BEST
NOTICE NAME ON LABELS
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

SEA-SHORE COTTAGE, for Working Women, at **North Long Branch,** opened June 15th. Apply daily from 11 to 1 o'clock and from 7 to 9 o'clock (except Saturday evenings) at the
YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,
No. 7 East 15th St., New York.

Paillard's
MUSIC
BOXES
ARE THE BEST.
They play selections from all the Standard and Light Operas and the most Popular Music of the Day.
Send stamp for Descriptive Price-list to
M. J. PAILLARD & CO.,
680 Broadway, New York City.

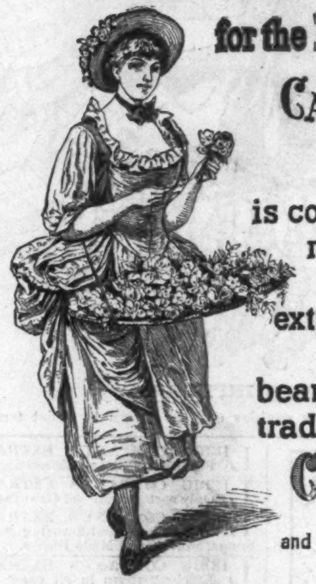
(FACTORY AT STE. CROIX, SWITZERLAND.)

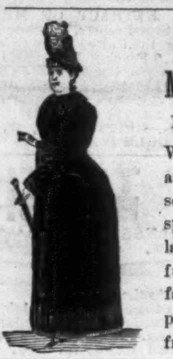
FINE CHOCOLATE CREAMS.
You can always depend upon the
PURITY and EXCELLENCE
OF
CHOCOLATES
Bearing the A No. 1 Trade-Mark on the bottom of each Drop.
For sale by Confectioners everywhere.

KNABE
PIANOFORTES.
UNEQUALLED IN
Tone, Touch, Workmanship, and Durability.
WILLIAM KNABE & CO.
BALTIMORE: 22 & 24 E. Baltimore St.
NEW YORK: 112 Fifth Avenue.
WASHINGTON: 817 Market Space.

Print Your Own Cards.
PRESS, $3; Circular Size, $8; Press for small newspaper, $44. Type-setting easy, printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue, Press, Type, Cards, to factory. KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

COLGATE & CO'S
CASHMERE BOUQUET
PERFUME
for the Handkerchief
CASHMERE
BOUQUET
is composed of the
most fragrant
and costly
extracts from flowers
Each bottle
bears the name and
trade mark of
COLGATE & CO.
Soap Makers
and Perfumers,
NEW YORK.





C. C. Shayne,
Manufacturing Furrier,
103 Prince St., N. Y.,
Will retail fashionable Furs and Seal-skin Garments this season. This will afford a splendid opportunity for ladies to purchase reliable furs direct from the Manufacturer at lowest possible prices. Fashion book mailed free.

The best History of the War that has yet appeared.—Boston Traveller.

HARPER'S WAR VOLUMES

The plates of Harper's Weekly during the War having been destroyed,

HARPER'S
Pictorial History of the Rebellion

Is the only means of obtaining its invaluable historical illustrations. In two splendid folio volumes, same size page as the Weekly, and containing 1000 of its famous War pictures. Price for set, carriage paid, in bevelled cloth, $16; in Half Turkey Morocco, handsome gilt stamp on side and marbled edges, $22; full Morocco, elegant, $35. **To avoid deception see that books bear Harper's name.** Send for Illustrated Circular to

McDONNELL BROS., Publishers,
185 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Of priceless value for preservation.—Boston Advertiser.

NOTICE.—Parties in the vicinity of New York, Detroit, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and other large cities, can have a set of this book sent to them for examination free of charge. **Agents wanted.** Liberal terms to first-class men. In many parts of the country this book is sold on the **easy-payment plan.**

TRADE E. & W. MARK
EARL & WILSON'S
LINEN
COLLARS & CUFFS
BEST IN THE WORLD.

OPIUM **HABIT Cured** without suffering. **No pay till cured.** O. S. SARGENT, M.D., 22 Claremont Park, Boston.

$1
A BOTTLE

VERY PERSONAL! As to other people's dyspepsia, each dyspeptic sufferer may let others choose a remedy; but the particular and personal question for each one is

WHAT WILL CURE MY DYSPEPSIA? THE PARTICULAR AND PERSONAL ANSWER IS

DIGESTYLIN

DIGESTYLIN is an honest and sure remedy
DIGESTYLIN thoroughly approved by 30,000 Physicians
DIGESTYLIN is without a rival for efficiency
DIGESTYLIN is very agreeable to take

DIGESTYLIN is potent, and acts promptly
DIGESTYLIN is for young and old alike
DIGESTYLIN cures all diseases of the digestive organs
DIGESTYLIN is sold by all respectable Druggists

M'f'd by
W. F. Kidder & Co
N. Y.

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.

NATURE marks sites for permanent cities. The topography and resources of the surrounding country must be such as give the particular place natural advantages over others. In level countries, where one location is equal to another, supremacy of one city over another depends wholly upon facilities for transportation, which in the nature of things are subject to change, and the metropolis of such a country changes with the varied success of the different rival places in procuring the most favorable railway communication. Pluck and energy build cities; but the pluck and energy of the American people usually prove to be the same in one place as another. Hence the permanent success of any city over others depends upon its advantageous situation.

The State of Arkansas has more navigable streams than any in the Union. The rich alluvial soil of her valleys rivals any lands on the continent for the production of cotton. Prior to the war slave labor was found better adapted to its culture than to other agricultural or industrial pursuits. The extreme poverty of the people, caused by the ravages of war, and the unsettled condition of public affairs for years afterward, prevented the development of new resources. Consequently, until the past few years, public attention was directed wholly to the production of cotton. The numerous waterways served for transportation, and naturally the development of the country was confined mainly to the valleys of the rivers. Other portions of the State, embracing the uplands, hills, and mountains, remained practically undeveloped. Prior to 1872 there was but one short line of railroad in operation in the State. General development is of recent date, but has been very rapid. Pure air, pure water, and variety and fertility of soil, coupled with an equable, salubrious climate, make the State one of great agricultural possibilities, capable of sustaining a dense population. The agricultural productions of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Kansas are produced equally well in Arkansas. In addition to these, more cotton is grown per acre and per hand, on an average, than in any other Southern State, and Arkansas has earned, besides, a reputation not excelled as a fruit-growing country, having taken the premium over all competitors, except as to tropical fruits, at the Exposition at New Orleans. Its annual rainfall is much greater than in any of the States named; consequently crops are less liable to be injured by drought. Its equable climate and agricultural resources make it a good stock-growing country. Coal, iron, manganese, copper, zinc, and lead, as well as marble, granite, limestone, building stone, roofing and other slates, and clays of the finest quality, abound in inexhaustible quantities in various portions of the State, besides antimony and silver, and probably gold in paying quantities.

It is estimated that there are in the State thirty thousand square miles of heavily timbered lands, and eighty different varieties of timber, of which pine, oak, ash, hickory, and red-gum may be said to be the leading varieties. There is also wild cherry, cedar, walnut, and in fact all varieties of timber necessary for manufacturing purposes. In the midst of this great wealth in agriculture, timber, and minerals is situated the city of Little Rock, the geographical, topographical, and political, as well as the commercial, financial, and social, centre of the State. Situated high, overlooking the river that winds its way through the foot-hills of the Ozarks, the site is all that could be desired for beauty or health. Here the valley of the Arkansas widens to a broad expanse of agricultural country that cannot be excelled. The valleys and uplands of the surrounding country are fine agricultural lands. The hills and mountains are especially adapted to the culture of fruits, vegetables, and grapes. Situated practically at the head of deep-water navigation, the city has the advantage of other points as to water transportation. The Arkansas and its tributaries drain a large portion of the State. Up the river on the south side is, first, Little Maumelle, next, Big Maumelle, both streams ample for floating purposes, and penetrating far into the surrounding country. Next is Fourche la Fave River, then the Petit Jean River, both navigable for a long distance, and good floating streams for one hundred miles. In regions penetrated by these streams are coal, iron ore, and timber that can all be brought to Little Rock down-stream. On the north side of the river are various tributaries, good floating streams. It will be seen that the general topography of a broad region of country makes it all tributary to this city. There is an abundance of timber, iron ore, manganese, lead, zinc, granite, roofing slate, and the finest of clays at the very door of the city, with the best of coal for manufacturing purposes within easy reach. Memphis on the east, 135 miles, is the nearest commercial rival. To the south there is none nearer than Galveston and New Orleans, to the southwest than Dallas, to the northwest than Kansas City, to the north than St. Louis, and to the west there is nothing between it and the Pacific. Nature has evidently marked Little Rock as the site for a permanent city.

Of railroads there are now in operation in the State the St. Louis, Iron Mountain, and Southern, the Little Rock and Fort Smith, the Little Rock, Mississippi River, and Texas, and the Memphis and Little Rock railways. The St. Louis, Arkansas, and Texas Railroad will be built from Altheimer, in Jefferson County, to Little Rock, giving another outlet to the north, east, and southwest. A road will be built at once from this city west on the south side of the Arkansas River to Fort Smith, passing through the coal-fields of Yell, Logan, Scott, and Sebastian counties, also through vast beds of iron ore and forests of timber. The Missouri Pacific system now has a corps of engineers locating the line. There will also be a line of road built from Little Rock north to Salem, Missouri, and another from Chadwick, Missouri, to this line, giving another through line to St. Louis, also making a line direct to Kansas City and the northwest. The Arkansas Midland Railway, now in operation from Helena, on the Mississippi, to the town of Clarendon, on the White River, will be extended to Little Rock; the right of way is now being procured. A charter has been laid and a road will be built from Little Rock to Alexandria, Louisiana. The Little Rock and Hot Springs Railroad will also be built. The St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad is building from Fayetteville to Little Rock, about thirty miles of the road having been constructed.

Little Rock is now a city of over 30,000 inhabitants. Her public buildings cost over two and a half millions of dollars. There are more than three millions of dollars invested in various kinds of manufactures. There are street railways, gas, electric light, telephones, and all other conveniences found in other cities of its size. There are twenty-seven churches. The public schools have enrolled over 8000 pupils. The commercial transactions of the city for the past year were $16,000,000, and an increase of twenty-five per cent. has been shown this year over the same period last year. The population of the city has doubled in the past seven years. The public debt is small. The total taxation —State, county, city, and municipal—amounts on the present year to less than twenty-three mills on the dollar valuation. Arrangements are being made to pave with granite a large portion of the streets of the city during the present year. A feature of especial interest to manufacturers is the new water-works, just completed. These are the largest water-works in the Southwest. Two large reservoirs, 660 feet long by 200 feet wide and 20 feet deep, are situated on an elevation 230 feet above the main business portion of the city. The capacity is 20,000,000 gallons—an abundant supply for a city of 100,000 inhabitants. Two large iron railroad bridges span the Arkansas, with draw span of 350 feet. At no period heretofore has the development of the city and State been so rapid. The past six months have done more to develop the mineral resources of the State than had been done in all time before.

Lumber can be procured in Little Rock in quantity at the following cost: Pine, from $8 to $9 per 1000 feet; cypress, from $9 to $12; red-gum, from $7 to $9; ash, from $9 to $12; and oak, from $10 to $12. The coal-fields of the State are estimated to cover 12,000 square miles, principally in the counties of Sebastian, Scott, Logan, Yell, Franklin, Johnson, and Pope. The veins are from three to eight feet in thickness. This coal is of good quality for all manufacturing purposes, and can now be obtained here in quantity at from $2 to $2 25 per ton over the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad. When the road is built on the south side of the river it can be obtained at from $1 75 to $2 per ton. It could be brought to Little Rock now by river for that price. In regard to the excellence of the coal product of the State, the following statement is from JAMES MACFARLANE, A.M., a writer on the coal regions of America: "It is a semi-anthracite, even richer in fixed carbon than the Zerbe's Run coal of the Shamokin coal-field of Pennsylvania, and is pronounced by Dr. DAVID DALE OWEN superior for manufacturing purposes to any Western coal at present known, where durability, intense heat, and reduction are required."

According to the report of the United States Signal Service Office at Little Rock, the average annual rainfall for the last six years was 64.18 inches, and the monthly average temperature for each month for the same period of six years—1881–86—was in January, 41.6°; February, 47°; March, 53.6°; April, 62.9°; May, 69.6°; June, 78°; July, 80.9°; August, 78.3°; September, 72.5°; October, 64.2°; November, 51.6°; December, 45°.

It appears from the report of the United States Medical Department that the rate of mortality at the Little Rock military post is less than at any other military post in the Union where soldiers are quartered, and it is suggested that the fine average temperature which prevails is largely the cause of the healthfulness of Little Rock.

THE LAND OF THE MOUNSEER.

BY MAX O'RELL.

THE FRENCH AT PLAY AND AT TABLE.

THE French are essentially a happy people. Their cheerfulness, which strikes the foreigner the moment he sets foot on French soil, is due to a sound stomach. Dyspepsia is not known in France. Light bread, generous wine, dainty dishes productive of good-humor, never bolted, always eaten in cool apartments or in open air with leisure and jocularity, there lies the foundation of the Frenchman's happiness. From the rich banker's mansion in the Champs Élysées to the simple mechanic's garret at Belleville, business cares are never allowed to interfere with the pleasures of the table. See the eyes sparkling with joy as the bottle fills the glasses, and the good-humored rebuke of the host when a lady—as most French ladies will—knocks the bottle in lifting her glass to prevent its being filled to the brim. "Sapristi, madame; say that you won't have any more, but, for goodness' sake, don't shake the bottle!" Or look how he frowns if he catches a guest in the act of adding water to his pet wine. "Mix this wine with water! My dear fellow, it's a sacrilege! God will never forgive you." There is nothing irreverent in this exclamation. He is thoroughly convinced that good wine was given to man by God to rejoice his heart, and to spoil it by adding water to it is in his eyes nothing short of a sin. A Frenchman is very poor indeed who has not in the corner of a cellar a few bottles that he has carefully tended for years, and that he brings upstairs to welcome an old friend at his table or cheer a poor neighbor on a sick-bed. Every year the French bourgeois promotes some hundred bottles of wine that has improved by keeping. You should see him as he gently opens the door of his cellar, and almost walks on tiptoe for fear of shaking the ground. With very little inducement he would take off his hat; he is in his sanctuary. All his bottles are sealed and labelled. He contemplates them with a paternal eye. It was he who bottled that wine, who corked it, sealed it, labelled it, and laid it down. In the driest corner he will point out to you a dozen of bottles covered with dust and cobwebs. Not even his most intimate friend has ever tasted their contents. He bought this wine on the day that a daughter was born to him. It will be opened on her wedding day. He knows he will require some generous wine to keep up his spirits when he has to part with his beloved daughter, who is to him as the apple of his eye.

The pleasures of the table are within the reach of all classes in France. The working people are better off in England than in France, but they are not so well fed or so happy. They spend their money in superfluities instead of spending it in necessities. The English women of this class go in for a lot of cheap finery; the French ones go in for sound linen. What the English working classes throw away in bones, scraps, and vegetables would suffice to nourish a poor French family. Whatever the teeth will not go through, bone or gristle, goes into the pot, where it is boiled for hours, and made palatable by the addition of herbs and all sorts of tasty little ingredients of which every French woman has a complete knowledge. She may be obliged to buy cheap and tough meat, but with her saucepan she knows how to overcome its obdurate texture, and reduce it to a pulpy tenderness. I assure you that with a vegetable soup, a stew, some cheese or fruit, and good bread, these people dine remarkably well at six or eight cents a head.

In my eyes nothing is more edifying than to see these toilers set off on Sundays, with their wives and children, for Meudon, Bellevue, Asnières, or other pretty environs of Paris, to breathe the fresh air in the woods or by the river. Here there are restaurants in plenty. Those who can afford it patronize their tables, but at every turn you see a merry company sitting under the shade of some tree, enjoying the contents of a basket brought from home for economy's sake. The day passes gayly, and there are plenty of summer-houses to shelter from rain or cold. Here, with the aid of a bottle of inexpensive native wine, these happy folk awaken the Gallic fun that sleeps under the vest of the humblest Frenchman. No riot, no rowdyism, no drunkenness to be seen. Everybody has spent a happy day in the open air, and laid in good provision of health and spirits for the coming six days of uninterrupted work. Not only the human members of the family circle have benefited either. The family pets are often of the party, and I remember even to have seen a canary forming one of a happy group on the grass at the Vincennes Wood. "Poor little thing," said the bright-eyed girl who had brought her caged warbler from its home in a fifth-floor flat, "it would have been so sad all day without us!"

For the upper and well-to-do classes there are in Paris a few dozen restaurants, perfect temples of Epicurus. Now see the faithful at work. They will tell you that animals feed, man eats. "But," they will add, "the man of intellect alone knows how to eat."

A little walk is taken first to get up the appetite. Some will have their glass of absinthe or vermouth, and will tell you with the most serious air in the world that without it their appetite would never come. Punctual as the clock, when their dinner hour arrives, behold them turn into Bignon's, the Maison-Dorée, or some other well-known house, and take their seat with the solemnity of an Academician who is going to take part in the official reception of a newly elected member of the celebrated Academy! The waiter presents the bill of fare, and discreetly retires. He knows that the study of the *menu* is a momentous affair, and that *ces messieurs* are not going to lightly choose their dishes. They must have ample time for reflection. He leaves them in sweet meditation, savoring in advance the long list of dainties for the day. This preliminary is one of the pleasantest features of the performance, something akin to the packing up for a holiday trip. Each article on the bill of fare is discussed with endless commentaries, accompanied with knowing glance or smack of the tongue. A congress of ambassadors discussing the clauses of an intrenational treaty is not more solemn than these good Frenchmen discussing the merits of a sauce.

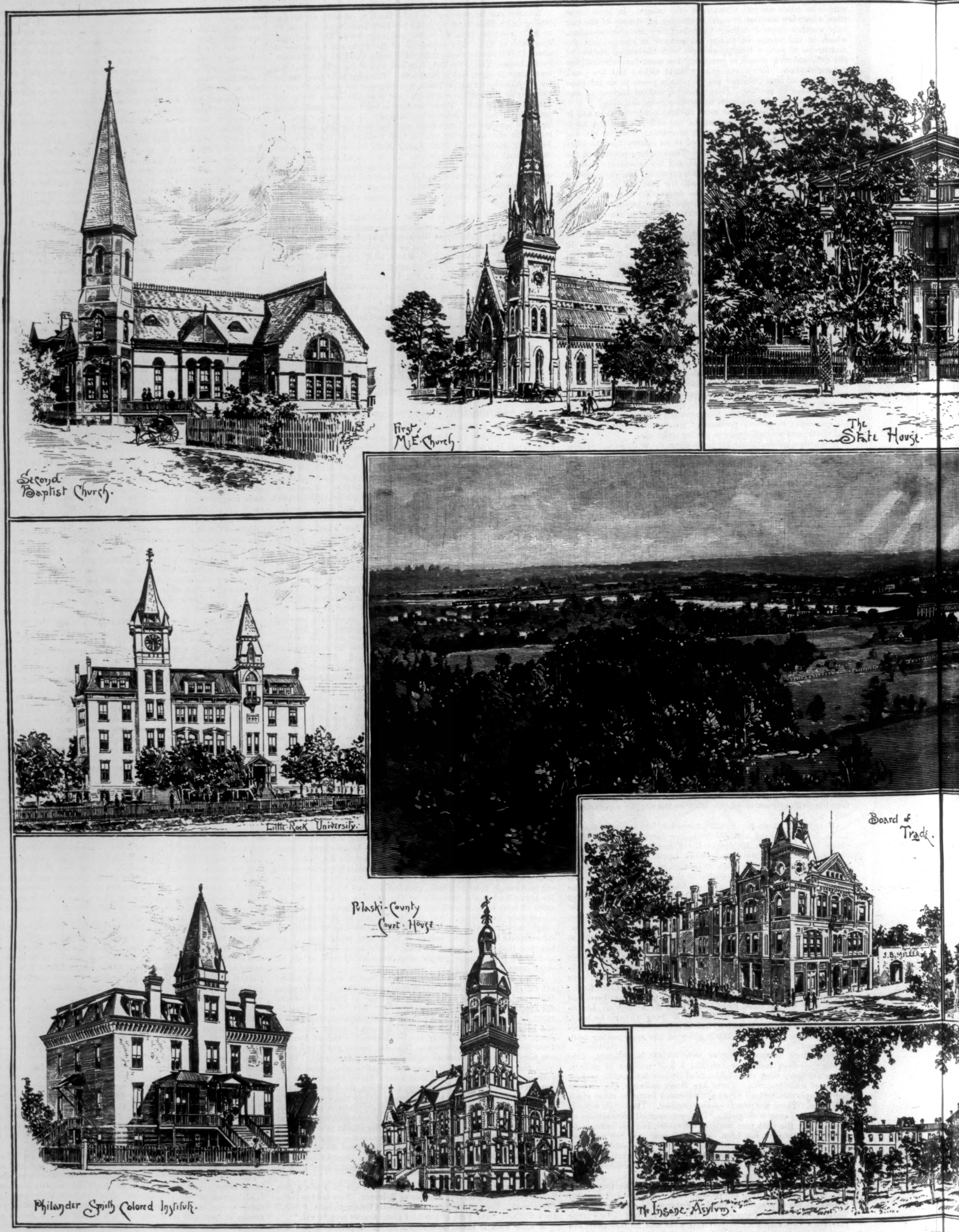
I have often heard that the English take their pleasures sadly. I am not prepared to say that I endorse the opinion, but I can affirm that the French have a wonderful capacity for enjoying themselves. They know how to throw off conventional restraints and give themselves up to pleasure. Take the sea-side, for example. What fine opportunities the English seem to throw away there for thorough enjoyment! On the French beaches all the holiday-makers form but one big family, as it were. The children play together without restraint. In the evening the "children of a larger growth" meet at the Casino, where, by paying five dollars a month, they can enjoy good music (not German bands), have the use of billiard-rooms, smoking-rooms, reading-rooms, etc., and the *entrée* of frequent balls and soirées. All mix and are happy. I have seen aristocratic ladies of the most haughty type—people who in Paris or their country homes would not think of associating with any one outside their own class—put in an appearance at these Casino balls, and dance with the first comer who asked them for a waltz or a polka. These acquaintances are made for the pleasure of the moment, and do not last. No gentleman takes advantage of such an acquaintance to go and call on the people he meets thus. Nay, more, if he meet elsewhere a lady with whom he has danced at the sea-side, he puts her completely at her ease by not showing signs of recognizing her unless she herself makes advances. If he behaved otherwise, he would immediately be stamped as an ill-bred fellow. Of course you run the risk of mixing with people whose society you would not think of frequenting at home; but when the French are out for a holiday, they have only one consideration, that of passing the time gayly. If the women are attractive and the men agreeable, that is all you require of them for the little time you will be thrown among them. The Englishman, who passes his time at standing sentry at the door of his dignity, is often almost bored to death at the sea-side. If he have a large family, things may go very well; but imagine a man with a wife and daughter in lodgings by the sea. If a week of wet weather sets in, poor fellow, what resources has he but the local library, where the books he would like to read are generally "out, sir"? When he does find one to his taste, the pebble-stuffed sofa, or the piece of furniture his landlady facetiously calls the "easy-chair," are not precisely aids to the enjoyment of it. On the beach he looks around, and says to himself that all the people look decent enough, but there is no knowing who they may be at home. That man over there looks very jolly, but, alas! perhaps his grandfather kept a shop. It is too horrible to think of the risk one may be running by making acquaintance with him. And John Bull retires into his shell.

French beaches offer a most pretty spectacle. My dear countrymen and countrywomen never lose sight of the get-up; how they are going to look is a matter of first consideration. The costumes that she will take to the sea-side are talked over for months by the French woman. But all wear conventional dress; this is a habit they do not seem able to throw off. No harlequin-striped jackets of gaudy colors on the men; no economizing of ribbons on the hats of the ladies. The former greatly favor white flannel suits, white straw hats, white shoes, and white umbrellas lined with green. Ladies disport themselves in white cottons, muslins, and crêpe de Chine. Here and there are wonderful new colors, creations of Parisian fancy, "sporadic apricot," "dying flea," "bashful frog," and others equally true to nature. These eccentric hues are generally made up in eccentric fashion, but whatever the dress is, it is worn as only a French woman can wear it. A big hat, turned down over one ear, and caught up over the other with overgrown knots of ribbon, is pretty sure to crown the jaunty little figure and rather spoil its effect. The ideal is to have one or two pounds' worth of trimming on a threepenny Zulu hat. In the evening is donned the *toilette de bal* of lace or muslin, and monsieur also appears in evening dress, accompanied by a yachting cap. This is the acme of style, the latest utterance, the latest spasm of *chic*. Two or three hours are spent in chatting, laughing, and dancing, and all go home, having thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

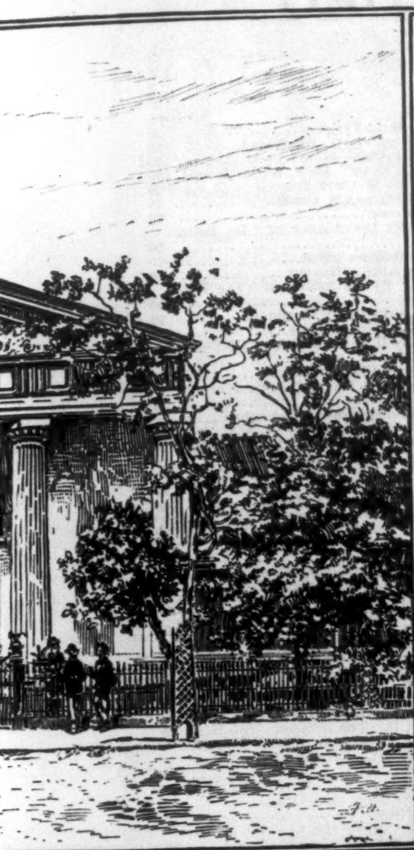
The limits of this article will not admit of my entering into every favorite pleasure of the French people. I would like to take you to a French soirée, and the races at Longchamps or Chantilly. But you might object to go to races on a Sunday, so it is as well that we should avoid Longchamps. If ever you are in Paris at the right season, do not go so far as the course if you have scruples of conscience on the subject, but sit in the Bois de Boulogne and watch the stream of handsome carriages with their elegantly dressed occupants, and you will say that we take our pleasures decently and cleanly at any rate.

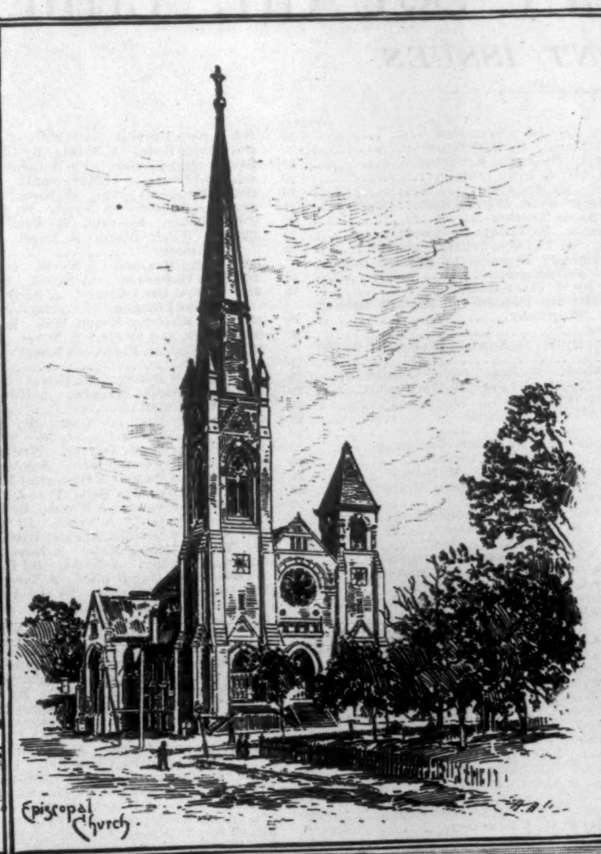
A few words I must say about the theatre. Theatre-going is a pleasure not confined to the refined, the well-to-do, and the middle classes in France; it is a national thing, and the humblest enjoy and criticise what they see on the stage as acutely as do the occupants of the stalls and boxes. Victor Hugo relates that at the funeral of Mlle. Mars, the famous actress, he heard men in blouses, and with sleeves turned up, say very true and very acute things concerning the theatre, art, and poetry. I have always enjoyed listening at the door of Parisian theatres to workmen making their remarks on the plays and the actors, or seeing them make themselves at home in the upper gallery. Look at them in the summer with their coats off eating their supper and discussing across the room the merits of the acts they have heard. Every Frenchman is an observer of human nature, and I know very few countrymen of mine who have not once or twice put on a blouse and casquette and taken a seat in the upper gallery. You will often hear these Paris workmen make very witty remarks. I was once present at the performance of Alexandre Dumas's *Anthony*, at the Cluny Theatre. In the last act Mlle. Duvergier faints, and has to be carried away by her lover. Mlle. Duvergier was a stout lady, and the actor seemed for a moment to be reflecting how he would set about it. "If you can't manage it," cried an occupant of the top gallery, "make two journeys, you fool!"

The French are very strict with their actors. If a comedian's part should consist of simply having to open the door and say, "Dinner is served," he would be expected by the French public to be an actor. The Théâtre Français is not only a great playhouse, it is a great school of manners. Mothers take their daughters there to see and learn how a woman should enter a room, walk across it, bow, and sit down. How I should like to detain you, dear reader, over this, a great favorite subject of mine. I must stop. Perhaps I have succeeded in showing you that the people of Paris are like the people of Athens—they may be a little frivolous, but they are intelligent and artistic.

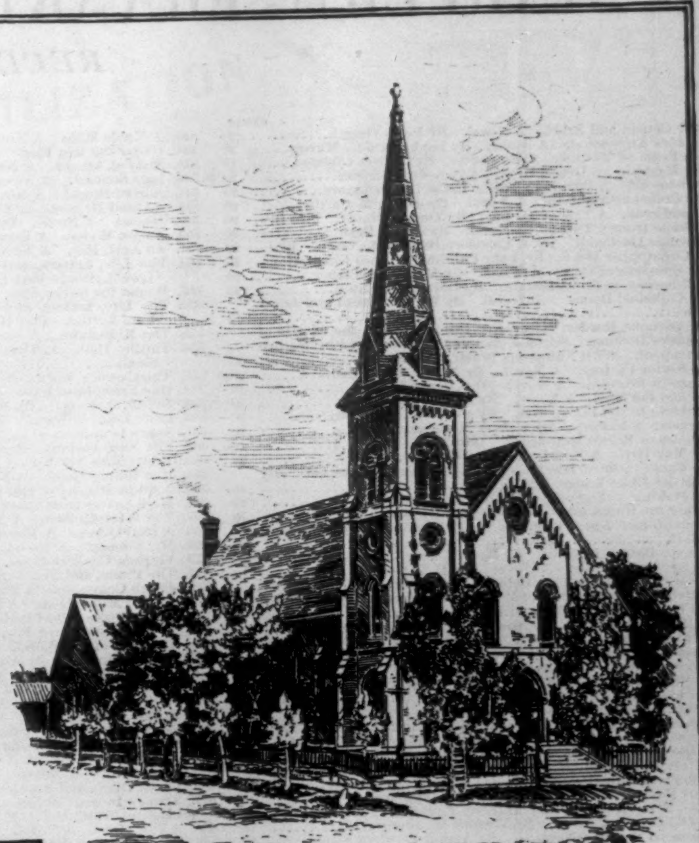

Second Baptist Church.
First M.E. Church.
The State House.
Little Rock University.
Board of Trade.
J.B. MILLER
Pulaski-County Court-House
Philander Smith Colored Institute.
The Insane Asylum.

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.—From

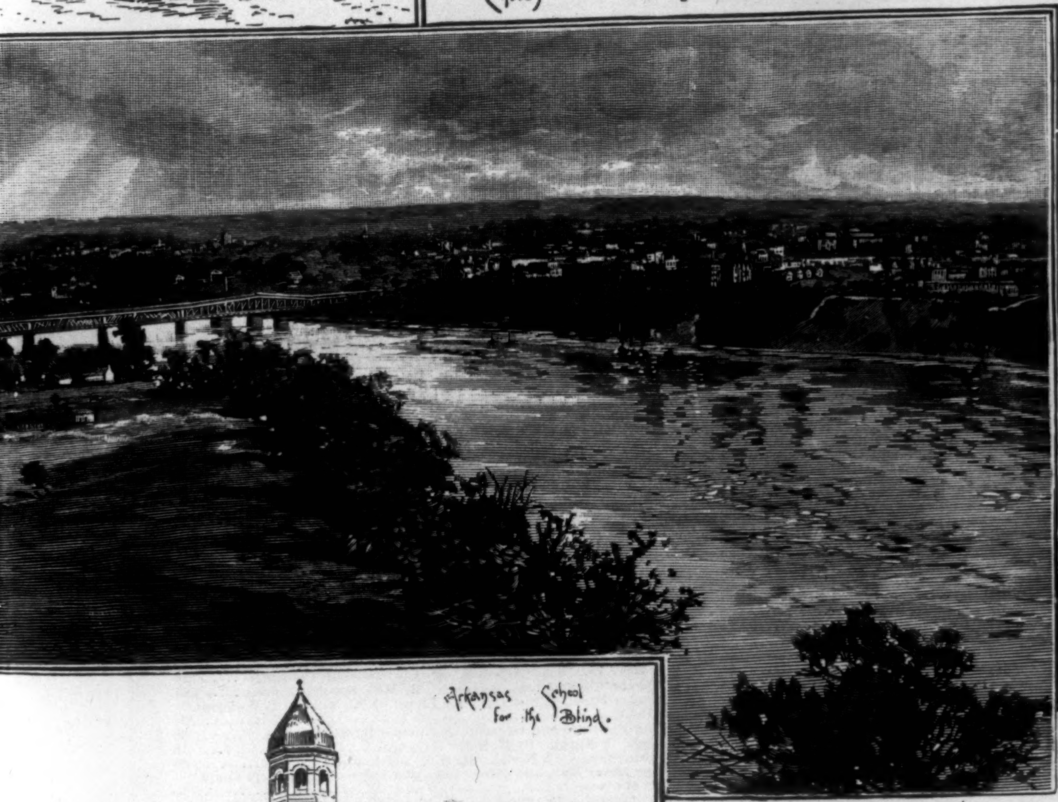


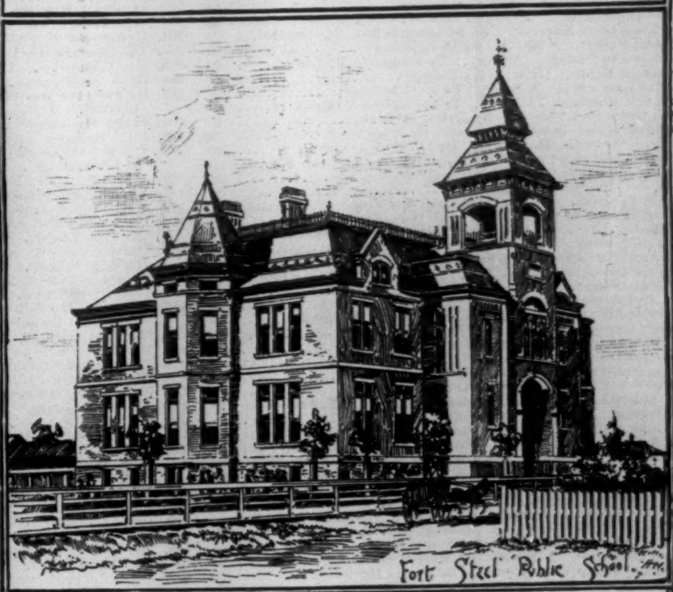


Episcopal Church.

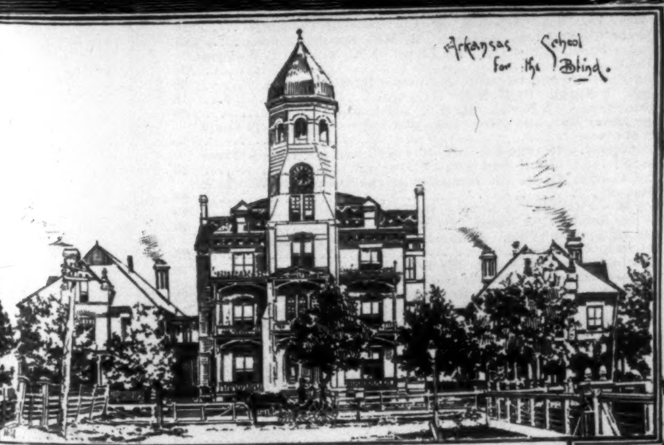


First Presbyterian Church.

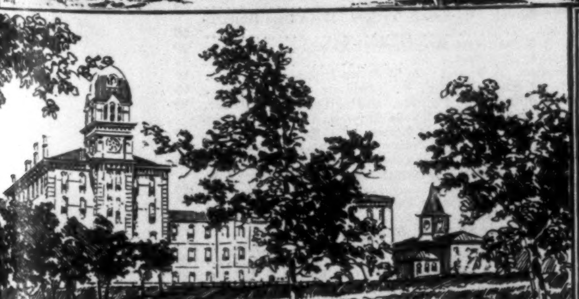




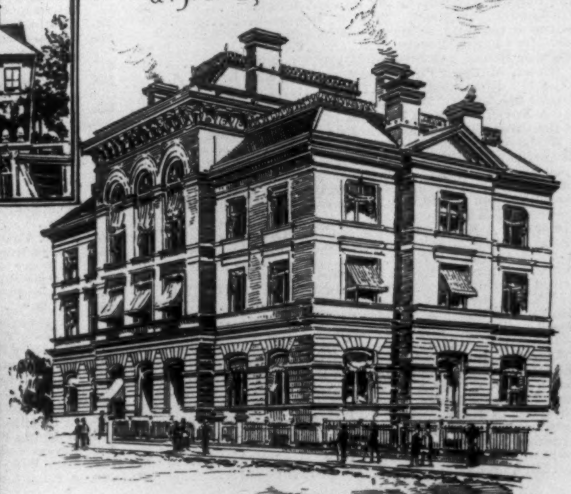
Fort Steel Public School.



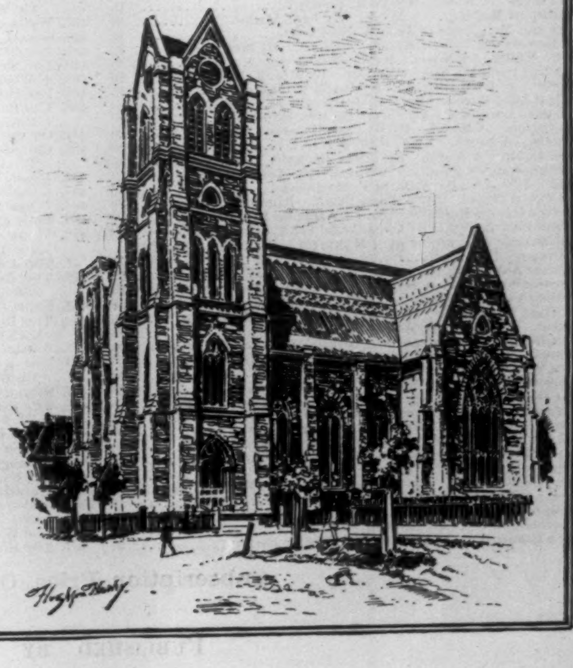
Arkansas School for the Blind.



The Post Office & U.S. Offices.



The Catholic Church.



ROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 657.]